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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1776, and is now in its one hundred and forty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a monthly paper of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, valuable features, and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can also be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news-stands in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 216, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEST, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—George C. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 607, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Sullivan, President; David Melchior, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN Lodge, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry H. Dwyer, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

WATERTON LODGE, No. 88, N. E. O. P.—W. G. Waterson, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Little G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

CHURCH LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Callahan, Chancellor; Commander, Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 103—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

A Newport Whaler.

Fifty years ago tomorrow, on Nov. 28, 1855, the Bark Mechanic sailed from here for the Pacific Ocean on a whaling voyage. The MERCURY of that date says: "She sailed this morning with a strong fair wind to be gone three or four years." She was gone in fact, four and one-half years or thereabouts. Her officers and crew were: From Newport:

Captain—Thomas J. Cory.
1st Mate—James Irish.
2d Mate—John Gladding.
3d Mate—Wanton Wilkey, Jr.

Crew or foremast hands—Charles Bowler, Samuel Brown, Wm. D. Bliles, Abraham C. Rice, Cooper, Robert Ross, Joseph Irish, Charles F. Barnum, Joseph F. Manwarren, Charles S. Briggs, Lawton Coggeshall, Wm. J. White, Geo. F. Barney, Charles B. Barlow, Aaron C. Buchanan, John Utter, George F. Sherman, Thomas McCann.

From other States—George Slacker, John Larkins, Wm. M. Big, Michael McElroy, J. Doublin, J. Westfall, F. L. Hurd, George W. Morris, Wm. Jones.

Of this number the only persons living, so far as is known, are 2d Mate John Gladding, Robert Ross, Wm. J. White, Charles B. Barlow, who went as cabin boy, Aaron C. Buchanan and John Utter, Charles S. Briggs, a brother of Capt. Benj. C. Briggs of this city, fell from the masthead March 17th, 1858, while shortening sail at six o'clock. He lived about five and a half hours. This occurred off the coast of Madagascar, Africa.

The following lines were composed by Mr. Lawton Coggeshall, one of the crew, on the death of young Briggs and sent home to the mother and relatives: We have lost a shipmate, kind and true, Who all did dearly love him, But now he's gone, he's gone to rest, We hope with him above.

But four short months have passed away Since he left his happy home, And bids adieu to many friends The ocean for to roam.

He left a Mother, kind and true, And many friends to weep, Who little dreamt her noble boy Lies buried in the deep.

He was a noble-hearted boy As for the sun and moon, No more we'll hear his cheerful voice For God has called him home.

No more we'll see his lively form, No more we'll hear him speak, But ever think and mourn for him Who lies buried in the deep.

New High School.

The new high school building gives indication of being ready for occupancy some time within a few weeks. The school committee has put cleaners at work washing the windows, which makes a very considerable difference in the appearance of the place. Men are at work setting up the patent desks about which there has been much delay. Incidentally it may be remarked that these desks are of a rather unique pattern, being adjustable for height and also when the height is increased the desk is pushed forward from the back, providing for a growth in size of the pupil as well as in height. All the adjustments are inside the woodwork of the desk where they are out of the way and out of sight.

The teachers have fixed the date of the bazaar for the benefit of the Retirement Fund for the first week in December in the new high school building.

The Young Men's Republican Club is preparing to give a dinner as a sort of celebration of the recent Republican victory in this city. The affair will probably be held during the week beginning December 10 and it is hoped to have an attendance large enough to warrant engaging a larger hall than last year.

Committees are now at work in making the arrangements. It is expected that there will be at least three speakers from out of the city and possibly several from Newport. The success of the dinner given by this organization last March leads the members to expect that there will be a large attendance at the one next month.

Mr. Stephen Cahoon died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., on Tuesday of pneumonia. He was well known in Newport, being a member of the Cahoon family who resided in Newport many years. For some time he was engaged as a stock broker in New York, but failing health compelled him to retire from his labors some years since.

He frequently visited Newport and had occupied a summer residence at Jamestown for several years. Five daughters and two sons survive him.

The fishermen have had some great fishing this week, all of them having secured large hauls of fine cod which were brought into Newport for shipment. The great quantity landed here knocked the price down to a low figure.

Mrs. Eliza A. Kaufl of this city has been re-elected county secretary of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons and Mrs. Lelia B. Manchester member of the executive committee.

At the annual exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia Mr. William H. Cotton, Jr., son of Mrs. William H. Cotton of this city, was awarded honorable mention for his painting, "The Shebano's Child."

Dr. H. L. Löthar is in Boston attending the Yale-Harvard game.

For Thanksgiving.

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day and the day will be appropriately observed in this city. There will be of course many family gatherings and the turkey will be the centerpiece of many tables. The poor of the city will not be overlooked on this occasion as the members of Hope Circle of the International Sunshine Society have taken up the work so long carried on by the Flower Mission and will distribute as many turkey dinners "with fixings" among the poor as are required.

There will be special services of thanksgiving at the churches in the morning. The Protestant Episcopal churches will unite in a union service at Zabriskie Memorial Church, while the First Presbyterian and some others will hold individual services in their own edifices. The Central Baptist, Second Baptist, Shiloh Baptist, Mt. Olivet Baptist, Channing Memorial, Union Congregational, Swedish Methodist Episcopal, First Methodist Episcopal and United Congregational will unite in a union service at the United Congregational Church, when Rev. James Austin Richards will preach the sermon. There will be a special choir consisting of the quartette of several of the churches, under the direction of Mr. Thomas A. Livingston. The order of services will be as follows:

The Doxology.

Thanksgiving proclamations, by the President and by the Governor, read by Rev. Byron Guider of the Union Congregational Church.

Call to Worship, Invocation, Lord's Prayer, by Rev. William Safford Jones of the Channing Memorial Church.

Hymn.

Psalter, Rev. David L. Cosby of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church.

Gloria.

Old Testament Lesson, Rev. Henry N. Jeter of the Shiloh Baptist Church.

Authem.

New Testament Lesson, Rev. Carl J. Nelson of the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church.

Prayer, Rev. Charles A. Steinhause of the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Offertory; object, the Newport Hospital.

Hymn.

Sermon, Rev. James Austin Richards of the United Congregational Church.

Hymn.

Prayer, Benediction, Rev. J. Chester Hyde of the Second Baptist Church.

Organ postlude.

Vanderbilt to Command.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt will probably be the next commodore of the New York Yacht Club, although the nominating committee of the club has not yet made announcement of the slate for the next year. It is understood that Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, who has been at the head of the organization for three years, has declined to serve longer, and it was necessary for the committee to find new names. Vice Commodore Henry Walters was the natural choice for promotion, but he preferred to hold the second place, and the committee has, it is understood, prevailed upon Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt to accept the office of commodore. Vice Commodore Walters will be retained in his present position, and Mr. Seymour L. Husted, Jr., owner of schooner yacht Crusader, has been selected for the office of rear commodore.

Mr. Vanderbilt has been prominent in the affairs of the New York Yacht Club for several years and has taken a marked degree of interest in racing, being owner of the 70-footer Rainbow, which has taken part in many races. Mr. Vanderbilt is also owner of steam yacht North Star.

Mrs. Sophia C. Witherbee died at the residence of her son-in-law, Robert C. Black, at Pelham Manor, N. Y., Sunday, from the effects of a paralytic stroke. Mrs. Witherbee was the widow of Silas Witherbee, an iron moulder, who owned and occupied a cottage on Honeyman Hill, Middletown, for many years. Three children survive her: Mrs. Louis Francis, Mrs. R. C. Black and Mr. W. C. Witherbee.

A social, musical, and sale of fancy articles was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Taylor on Tuesday for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church. It was liberally patronized and a considerable sum will be turned over to the society.

Mr. A. Lomell Holm has accepted the position of assistant physical director at the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association at Orange, N. J., and started for his new field of labor last Saturday evening, being given a rousing send-off at the boat.

Colonel Samuel R. Honey was in Newport the past week and had as his guests his son-in-law and daughter, Hon. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy of Boston. Colonel Honey will sail for Europe on December 9th and will remain abroad for some time.

The highway department is getting ready to go into winter quarters, being engaged now in closing up what necessary work has been begun.

Chaplain J. Frank Fleming, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Wedding Bells.

Tease-Durfee.

Miss Edith Marian Durfee, daughter of Mrs. William J. Browley, and Mr. Thomas William Tease, machinist at the Torpedo Station, were quietly married at the residence of Rev. George Whitefield Mead Tuesday evening. Miss Ada Rigby attended the bride and Mr. Moses Tease, brother of the groom, was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Tease left on the New York boat on their wedding trip and were given a lively send-off by their many friends.

Smith-Hodge.

Miss Addie Gertrude Hodge and Mr. Harry Lee Smith of New Shoreham were married at the residence of Rev. Ernest W. Burch, pastor of the Thames Street M. B. Church, Tuesday evening. The bride wore a dress of pearl gray with a hat of grey pauc velvet. Mrs. Louis G. Metcalf was matron of honor and Mr. Lewis Smith, brother of the groom, was best man. A buffet supper and reception was served at the Clifton House, after which Mr. and Mrs. Smith left via Fall River line on a wedding trip and on their return will reside in New Shoreham. The bride received many pretty and useful gifts.

Webster-Brennan.

Miss Margaret C. Brennan of this city and Mr. John F. Webster of Centre Harbor, N. H., were married at St. Mary's rectory Tuesday afternoon, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The bride wore a travelling dress of brown with a hat to match. Miss Elizabeth D. Brennan, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and wore a dress of grey and a grey hat. Mr. Edward McDonnell was the best man.

A reception followed at the home of the bride on Perry street, which was largely attended, and where many pretty gifts were seen. Mr. and Mrs. Webster left on the New York boat on their wedding trip, and will visit New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Ryan-Reeke.

Miss Mary Reeke and Mr. James Ryan were married at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Mahan officiating. The church was filled with relatives and friends of the young couple. Miss Mary Connell acted as bridesmaid and Mr. John Kilduff performed the duties of best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left in the afternoon on a wedding trip.

Recent Deaths.

Isaac N. Stoddard.

Mr. Isaac N. Stoddard died last Sunday at his home on Warner street after a long illness, death being due to the complications incident to old age. He was in his eighty-third year. Mr. Stoddard might be considered one of the group of old Long Wharf boat-builders now fast passing away, as he was for a time associated with his brother, Thomas D. Stoddard, who for a long time conducted one of the boat shops. The late John C. Stoddard was also a brother. His son, Dr. William C. Stoddard, is one of the leading dentists of Newport, and the elder Mr. Stoddard had for a time assisted him in his office work. He is survived by a widow, two sons, Dr. William C. Stoddard, and Mr. Robert K. Stoddard, and two sisters, Mrs. Mercy B. Rowland and Miss Hannah Stoddard.

Mr. George Easton Stevens, formerly of this city, died in New York on Sunday in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was a son of the late James F. and Sarah Stevens of this city and a brother of Mrs. George H. Draper. The body was brought to this city for interment, funeral services being held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel in the Island Cemetery Wednesday noon.

Miss Margaret Anita Halley and Mr. John C. Carter were married at St. Mary's rectory Wednesday evening, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives only and was a very quiet and simple affair. Mr. and Mrs. Carter left via Fall River line on a short wedding trip.

A new sanctus bell is now being cast by the Menely Bell Company of Troy, N. Y., for the Zabriskie Memorial Church of this city, for use during the celebration of mass. The bell will weigh 1200 pounds. It is the gift of Mrs. Sarah Titus Zabriskie.

The schooner Parker which was beached here a short time ago, after having most trying time in reaching a harbor of safety, has been relieved of her cargo of lumber and is now lying at the City wharf to await an examination of her hull.

The members of the Newport Yacht Club enjoyed a smoke talk at the club house Thursday evening. A chowder was served during the evening.

Chaplain J. Frank Fleming, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Alarm for Chimney Fire.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The Court of Probate held its usual monthly meeting on Monday and took action in relation to the following estates:

Estate of Nathaniel Peckham, José Peckham was appointed administrator and directed to give bond in the sum of \$2,400 with Charles H. Ward and Charles A. Peckham as sureties. Dennis J. Murphy, J. Overton Peckham and William J. Peckham were appointed appraisers on this estate.

Estate of Louise G. Arnold, will be proved and ordered recorded on the petition of Frances R. Arnold and others and letters testamentary directed to Theodore F. Green as sole executor. Executor gave his personal bond in the sum of \$1,500, to pay debts and legacies.

IN TOWN COUNCIL, the following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: Pascal M. Conley, Howard G. Peckham, Alton F. Coggeshall and Richard H. Wheeler, \$8.00 each for services as supervisors of the election held November 7; Ethelia A. Peckham, \$6.15, for services as police constable; James H. Barker, surveyor of road district No. 8, \$5.00, for highway repairs; John D. Blair \$11.00, for bounty for killing one dog and eighteen skunks; T. T. Flitman for publishing election warrant, \$36.88; Alexander N. Barker, for balance due on safe furnished office of Town Clerk, \$200; for small safe furnished office of Town Treasurer, \$80; Simon Hart, for arranging and binding a tax register, \$4.00; accounts for the relief of the poor, \$86.

In view of the many incendiary fires that have occurred during the last month and the boldness of the persons engaged in the destruction of farm property, it was decided to increase the reward previously offered to \$500, as an inducement for some effort to discover the offenders. There is considerable uneasiness as to where the fire will be set next, and such wanton destruction of property should be stopped forthwith.

CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER I.

"EREZ," observed Captain Eri cheerfully, "I'm tryin' to average up with the mistakes of Providence."

The captain was seated by the open door of the dining room in the rocker with the patched cane seat. He was apparently very busy doing something with a piece of fish line and a pair of long legged rubber boots. Captain Perez, swinging back and forth in the parlor rocker with the patchwork cushion, was puffing deliberately at a wooden pipe, the bowl of which was carved into the likeness of a very rakish damsel with a sailor's cap set upon the side of her once fawn head. In response to his companion's remark he faintly turned his sunburned face toward the cane seated rocker and inquired:

"What on earth are you doin' with them boots?"

Captain Eri tied a knot with his fingers and teeth and then held the boots out at arm's length.

"Way, Perez," he said, "I'm averagin' up, same as I told you. Providence made me a two legged critter, and a two legged critter needs two boots. I've always been able to find one of these boots right off whenever I wanted it, but it's took me so plaguy long to find the other one that whatever wet there was dried up afore I got out of the house. That's why I'm spelin' 'em together this way. I don't want to promise nothin' rash, but I'm in hopes that even Jerry can't lose 'em now."

"Humph!" grunted Captain Perez. "I don't think much of that plan. Stead of losin' one you'll lose both of 'em."

"Yes, but then I shan't care. If there ain't no boots in sight I'll go barefoot or stay at home. It's the kind of responsibility that goes with havin' one boot that's wearin' me out. Where is Jerry?"

"He went out to feed Lorenzo. I heard him callin' a minute ago. That eat ain't been home since nooh, and Jerry's worried."

A stentorian shout of "Puss! Puss! Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" came from somewhere outside. Captain Eri smiled.

"I'm afraid Lorenzo's gittin' dissipated in his old age," he observed. Then as a fat gray cat shot past the door: "There he is! Reg'lar prodigal son. Comes home when the fatted cat's ready."

A moment later Captain Jerry appeared, milk pitcher in hand. He entered the dining room and, putting the pitcher down on the table, pulled forward the armchair with the painted sunset on the back, produced his own pipe and proceeded to hunt through one pocket after the other with a troublous expression of countenance.

"Where in tucket is my terbacker?" he asked after flinging the round of pockets and preparing to begin all over again.

"I see it on the top of the clock a spell ago," said Captain Perez.

"Was that yours, Jerry?" exclaimed Captain Eri. "Well, that's too bad! I see it there and thought 'twas mine. Here 'tis, or what's left of it."

Captain Jerry took the remnant of a plug from his friend and said in an aggrieved tone:

"That's jest like you, Eri! Never have a place for nothin' and help yourself to anything you happen to want, don't make no odds whose 'tis. Why don't you take care of your terbacker, same's I do of mine?"

"Now, see here, Jerry, I ain't so sure that is yours. Let me see it. Humph! I thought so! This is 'Navy Plug,' and you always smoke 'Sailor's Sweetheart.' Talk about havin' a place for things!"

"That's my terbacker, if you want to know," observed Captain Perez. "I've got yours, Eri. Here 'tis."

"Well, then, where is mine?" said Captain Jerry somewhat snappishly.

"Bet a dollar you've got it in your pocket," said Captain Eri.

"Bet \$10 I ain't! I ain't quite a fool yet, Eri Hedge. I guess I know. Well, I shan't! I forgot that upper vest pocket." And from the pocket mentioned Captain Jerry produced the missing tobacco.

There was a general laugh, in which Captain Jerry was obliged to join, and the trio smoked in silence for a time, while the expanse of water to the eastward darkened and the outer beach became but a dusky streak separating the ocean from the inner bay. At length Captain Perez rose and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, announced that he was going to "show a glim."

"Yes, go ahead, Jerry!" said Captain Eri. "It's gittin' dark."

"It's darker in the grave," observed Captain Perez, with lugubrious philosophy.

"Then, for the land's sake, let's have it light while we can! Here, Jerry, them matches is burnt ones! Try this. 'Twon't be so damagey to the morals."

Captain Jerry took the proffered match and lit the two bracket lamps fastened to the walls of the dining room. The room, seen by the lamplight, was ship-like, but as decidedly not shipshape. The chronometer on the mantel was obscured by a thick layer of dust. The three gorgeous oil paintings—from the brush of the local sign painter—respectively representing the coasting packet Liuanab M., Eri Hedge master, and the fishing schooners George Barker, Jeremiah Burgess master, and the Flying Duck, Perez Ryder master, were shrouded in a very realistic fog of the same dust. Even the imposing gilt lettered set of "Lives of Great Naval Commanders," purchased by Captain Perez some months before and being slowly mild for on an apparently

"I start no more. It won't work." "What don't work?" asked Captain Eri.

"Why, this plan of ours. I thought when we fellers give up goin' to sea regular and settled down here to keep bosom ourselves and live economical and all that, that 'twas goin' to be fine. I thought I wouldn't mind doin' my share of the work a bit, thought 'twould be kind of fun to swab decks and all that. Well, 'twas for a spell, but 'tain't now. I'm so sick of it that I don't know what to do. And I'm sick of livin' in a pigpen now. Look at them deadlights! They're so dirty that when I turn out in the mornin' and go to look through 'em I can't tell whether it's foul weather or fair."

Captain Eri looked at the windows toward which his friend pointed and signed assent.

"There's no use talkin'," he observed, "we've got to have a steward aboard this craft."

"Yes," said Captain Perez emphatically, "a steward of a woman. One of us 'll have to git married, that's all."

"Married!" roared the two in chorus.

"That's what I said, married, and take the others to board in this house. Look here, now! When a shipwrecked crew's starvin' one of 'em has to be sacrificed for the good of the rest, and that's what we've got to do. One of us has got to git married for the benefit of the other two."

Captain Eri shouted hilariously. "Good boy, Perez!" he cried. "Goin' to be the first offerin'?"

"Not unless it's my luck, Eri. We'll all three match for it, same as we do 'bout washin' the dishes."

"Where are you goin' to find a wife?" asked Captain Jerry.

"Now, that's just what I'm goin' to show you. I see how things was goin', and I've been thinkin' this over for a considerable spell. Hold on a minute till I overhaul my kit."

He went into the front bedroom, and through the open door they could see him turning over the contents of the chest with P. R. in brass nails on the lid. He scattered about him fish lines, hooks, lead for sinkers, oilcloth jackets, whales' teeth and various other articles, and at length came back bearing a much crumpled sheet of printed paper.

"There! There she is! 'The Nuptial Chime. A Journal of Matrimony.' I see a piece about it in the Herald the other day and sent a dime for a sample copy. It's chock full of advertisements from women that wants husbands."

Captain Eri put on his spectacles and hitched his chair up to the table. After giving the pages of the Nuptial Chime a hurried inspection he remarked:

"There seems to be a strong runnin' to 'vi-vac-clous brunettes' and 'blonds' with tender and romantic dispositions."

"Oh, hush up, Eri! 'Tain't likely I'd want to write to any of 'em in there. The thing for us to do would be to write out an advertisement of our own, tell what sort of woman we want and then set back and wait for answers. Now, what do you say?"

Captain Eri looked at the advocate of matrimony for a moment without speaking. Then he said, "Do you really mean it, Perez?"

"Sartin I do."

"What do you think of it, Jerry?"

"Think it's a good idea," said that ancient mariner decisively. "We've got to do somethin', and this looks like the only sensible thing."

"Then Eri's got to do it!" asserted Captain Perez dogmatically. "We agreed to stick together, and two to one's a vote. Come on now, Eri, we'll watch."

Captain Eri hesitated.

"Come on, Eri!" ordered Captain Jerry. "Ain't goin' to mutiny, are you?"

"All right," said Captain Eri. "I'll stick to the ship. Only," he added, with a quizzical glance at his companions, "it's got to be settled that the feller that's stuck can pick his wife and don't have to marry unless he finds one that suits him."

The others agreed to this stipulation, and Captain Perez, drawing a long breath, took a coin from his pocket, flipped it in the air and covered it as it fell on the table with a big, hairy hand. Captain Eri did likewise, so did Captain Jerry. Then Captain Eri lifted his hand and showed the coin beneath. It was a head. Captain Jerry's was a tail. Under Captain Perez's hand lurked the hidden fate. The captain's lips closed in a grim line. With a desperate glance at the others, he jerked his hand away.

The penny lay head uppermost. Captain Jerry was "stuck."

Captain Eri rose, glanced at his watch, and taking his hat from the shelf where the dishes should have been, opened the door. Before he went out, however, he turned and said:

"Perez, you and Jerry can be fixin' up the advertisement while I'm gone. You can let me see it when I come back. I say, Jerry," he added to the "sacrifice," who sat gazing at the pennies on the table in a sort of trance, "don't feel bad about it. Why, when you come to think of it, it's a providence it turned out that way. Me and Perez are bachelors, and we'd be jest green hands. But you're a able seaman. You know what it is to manage a wife."

"Yes, I do," groaned Captain Jerry lugubriously. "Durn it, that's jest it!"

Captain Eri was chuckling as, lantern in hand, he passed around the corner of the little white house on the way to the barn. He chuckled all through the harnessing of Daniel, the venerable white horse. He was still chuckling as, perched on the seat of the "truck wagon," he rattled and shook out of the yard and turned into the sandy road that led up to the village.

CHAPTER II.

THIELE is in Orham a self appointed committee whose duty it is to see the train come in. The committee receive no salary for their services. The sole compensation is the pleasure derived from the sense of duty done.

Mr. Squealer Wixon, a lifelong member of this committee, was the first to sight Captain Eri as the latter strolled across the tracks into the circle of light from the station lamps.

Neither of the others saw fit to answer this declaration of independence and there was a pause in the conversation. Then Captain Jerry said moodily:

picked in the fence over by the freight house. He had heard the clock in the belfry of the Methodist church strike 8 as he drove by that edifice, but he heard no whistle from the direction of the West Orham woods, so he knew that the down train would arrive at its usual time—that is, from fifteen to twenty minutes behind its schedule.

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Wixon, with enthusiasm. "Here's Cap'n Eri! Well, cap, how's she headin'?"

"Bout northeast by north," was the calm reply. "Runnin' fair, but with lookout for wind ahead."

"Hain't got a spare chaw nowhere about you, have you, cap'n?" anxiously inquired Bluey Batchelder. Mr. Batchelder is called "Bluey" for the same reason that Mr. Wixon is called "Squealer," and that reason has been forgotten for years.

Captain Eri obligingly produced a black plug of smoking tobacco, and Mr. Batchelder bit off two-thirds and returned the balance. After adjusting the morsel so that it might interfere in the least degree with his vocal machinery he drawled:

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I'm mixed in my directions. The stage drive: took me the way to the cable station, but I've forgotten whether he said to turn to the right when I reached here or to the left."

Captain Eri took his lantern from the floor of the wagon and held it up. He had seen the stranger when the latter left the train, but he had not heard the dialogue with Josiah Bartlett, the stage boy.

"How was you callatin' to go to the station?" he asked.

"Why, I intended to walk."

"Did you tell them fellers at the depot that you wanted to walk?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I swan! And they give you the direction?"

"Yes," a little impatiently, "Why shouldn't they? So many blocks till I get to the main street or road, and so many more till I get somewhere else, and then straight on."

"Blocks, hey? That's Joe Bartlett. That boy ought to be mastheadied, and I've told Perez so more'n once. Well,

The committee received this prophecy with a hilarious shout of approval, and each member began to talk. Captain Eri took advantage of this simultaneous expression of opinion to walk away.

From the clump of blackness that indicated the beginning of the West Orham woods came a long drawn, dismal "foot," then two shorter ones. The committee sprang to its feet and looked interested. Sam Hardy came out of his ticket office. The stage driver, a sharp looking boy of about fourteen, with a disagreeable air of cheap smartness sticking out all over him, left his seat in the shadow of Mr. Batchelder's manly form, tossed a cigarette stump away and loafed over to the vicinity of the depot wagon, which was backed up against the platform. Captain Eri knocked the ashes from his pipe and put that service stained veteran in his pocket. The train was really "coming in" at last.

If this had been an August evening instead of a September one, both train and platform would have been crowded. But the buttery summer maiden had flitted, and as is his wont, the summer man had flitted after her, so the passengers who alighted from the two coaches that with the freight car, made up the Orham branch train were few in number and homely in flavor.

There was a siren, not to say gawky, individual with chin beard and rubber boots, whom the committee hailed as Andy and welcomed to its bosom. There were two young men, drummers evidently, who nodded to Hardy, and seemed very much at home. Also, there was another young man, smooth shaven and square shouldered, who deposited a suit case on the platform and looked about him with the air of being very far from home indeed.

The drummers got into the stage. The young man with the suit case picked up the latter and walked toward the same vehicle. He accosted the sharp boy, who had lighted another cigarette.

"Can you direct me to the cable station?" he asked.

"Sure thing!" said the youth, and there was no Cape Cod twist to his accent. "Git aboard."

"I didn't intend to ride," said the stranger.

"What was you goin' to do? Walk?"

"Yes, if it's not far."

The boy grinned, and the members of the committee, who had been staring with all their might, grinned also. The young man's mention of the cable station seemed to have caused considerable excitement.

"Oh, it ain't too far!" said the stage driver. Then he added, "Say, you're the new electrician, ain't you?"

The young man hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "Yes," and suggested, "I asked the way."

"Two blocks to the right. That's the main road. Keep on that for four blocks, then turn to the left, and if you keep on straight ahead you'll get to the station."

"Blocks?" The stranger smiled. "I think you must be from New York."

"Do you?" inquired the youthful prodigy, climbing to the wagon seat. "Don't forget to keep straight ahead after you turn off the main road. Git down! So long, fellers!"

Daniel accepted the captain's command in a tolerant spirit. He paddled along at a jog trot for perhaps a hundred yards, and then, evidently feeling that he had done all that could be expected, settled back into a walk. The captain turned toward his companion on the seat.

"I don't know as I mentioned it," he observed, "but my name is Hedge."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hedge," said the stranger. "My name is Hazeline."

"I kind of judged it might be when you said you wanted to git to the cable station. We heard you was expected."

"Did you? From Mr. Langley, I presume."

"No; not directly. Of course we know Parker had been let go and that somebody would have to take his place. I guess likely it was one of the operators that told it fast that you was the man, but anyhow it got as far as M'Illy Busteed, and after that 'twas plain sailin'. You come from New York, don't you? Is this your first visit to the Cape?"

"Yes, I hardly know why I'm here now. I have been with the cable company at their New York experimental station for some years, and the other day the general manager called me into his office and told me I was expected to take the position of electrician here. I thought it might add to my experience, so I accepted."

"Humph! Did he say anything about the general liveliness of things around the station?"

Mr. Hazeline laughed. "Why," he answered, "now that you speak of it, I remember that he began by asking me if I had any marked objection to premature burial."

The captain chuckled. "The outer beach in winter ain't exactly a camp meeting for sociabilities," he said. "And the idea of that Burdett boy tellin' you

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is addressed to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have no satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that we dare to call attention to its great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

Druggists sell it in New York City and the regular \$1.00 size bottle.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Resident, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Salam, best for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, etc., per fl. oz.

CAP'N ERI.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Perez's niece's husband died, and our boy sort of ran loose, as you might say. Went to school when he had to and raised Ned when he didn't, near's I can find out. Elizabeth, that's his ma, died last spring, and she made Perez promise—he being the only relation the younger had—to fetch the boy down here and sort of bring him up. Perez knows as much about bringin' up a boy as a hen does about the Ten Commandments, and Elizabeth made him promise not to let the younger and a whole lot more foolishness. School don't commence here till October, so we got him a job with Lem Mullett at the livery stable. He's boardin' with Lem till school opens. He ain't a real bad boy, but he knows too much 'bout some things and not ha'nt enough 'bout others. You've seen fellers like that, maybe?"

Hazelton nodded. "There are a good many of that kind in New York, I'm afraid," he said.

Captain Eri smiled. "I shouldn't wonder," he observed. "The boys down here think Josiah's the whole crew, and the girls ain't fur behind. There's been more devilry in this village sence he landed than there ever was afore. He needs somethin', and needs it bad, but I ain't decided just what it is yet. Are you a married man?"

"No."

"Same here. Never had the disease, Perez, he's had symptoms every once in a while, but nothin' lastin'. Jerry's the only one of us three that's been through the mill. His wife died twenty year ago. I don't know as I told you, but Jerry and Perez and me are keepin' house down by the shore—that is, we call it keepin' house, but"—

Here the captain broke off and seemed to meditate.

Ralph Hazelton forbore to interrupt, and occupied himself by scrutinizing the building that they were passing. They were nearing the center of the town now, and the houses were closer together than they had been on the "depo road," but never so close as to be in the least crowded. There was an occasional shop, too, with signs like "Cape Cod Variety Store" or "The Boston Dry Goods Emporium" over their doors. On the platform of one a small crowd was gathered, and from the interior came shouts of laughter and the sound of a tin-piano piano.

"That's the billiard saloon," volunteered Captain Eri, suddenly waking from his trance. "Play pool, Mr. Hazelton?"

"Sometimes."

"What d'ye play it with?"

"Why, with a cue, generally speakin'."

"That so! Most of the fellers in there play it with their mouths. Miss a shot and then spend the rest of the evenin' tellin' how it happened. Parker played it considerable."

"I judge that your opinion of my predecessor isn't a high one."

"Who? Oh, Parker! He was all right in his way. Good many folks in this town swore by him. I understand the fellers over at the station thought he was about the ticket."

"Mr. Langley included?"

"Oh, Mr. Langley, bein' manager, had his own ideas I s'pose. Langley don't play pool much, not at Web Saunders' place anyhow. We turn in here."

They rolled up a long driveway, very dark and overgrown with trees, and drew up at the back door of a good sized two story house. There was a light in the kitchen window.

"Whoa, Dan'l!" commanded the captain. Then he began to shout "Ship ahoy!" at the top of his lungs.

The kitchen door opened and a man came out, carrying a lamp, its light shining full upon his face. It was an old face, a stern face, with white eyebrows and a thin lipped mouth. There was, however, a tremble about the chin that told of infirm health.

"Hello, John!" said Captain Eri heartily. "John, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hazelton, the new man at the cable station. Mr. Hazelton, this is my friend, Cap'n John Baxter."

The two shook hands, and then Captain Eri said:

"John, I brought down them barrels for you. Hawkins got 'em here, same as he always does, by the skin of his teeth. Stand by now, 'cause I've got to deliver Mr. Hazelton at the station, and it's gittin' late."

John Baxter said nothing beyond thanking his friend for the good turn, but he "stood by," as directed, and the barrels were quickly unloaded. As they were about to drive out of the yard Captain Eri turned in his seat and said:

"John, guess I'll be up some time tomorrow. I want to talk with you about that billiard room business."

The lump in Baxter's hand shook.

"God A'mighty's got his eye on that place, Eri Hodge," he shouted, "and on them that's runnin' it!"

"That's all right," said the captain. "Then the job's in good hands, and we ain't got to worry. Good night!"

But in spite of this assurance Hazelton noticed that his driver was silent and preoccupied until they reached the end of the road by the shore, when he brought the willing Daniel to a standstill and announced that it was time to "change cars."

It is a fifteen minute row from the mainland to the outer beach, and Captain Eri made it on schedule time.

Hazelton protested that he was used to a boat and could go alone and return the dory in the morning, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. The dory slid up on the sand, and the passenger climbed out.

"There's the station," said the captain, pointing to a row of lighted windows a quarter of a mile away. "It is straight ahead this time, and the walkin's better—it has been for the last few minutes. Good night!"

The electrician put his hand in his pocket, hesitated and then withdrew it, as happy. He used to allow her only 50 a week, and now he has to pay her \$18 a week alimony.—Kansas City Independent.

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once round the table.

"Same here!" said the captain heartily. "We're likely to git together once in awhile, seis' as we're next door neighbors, right across the road, as

you might say. That's my birth over yonder, where you see these lights. It's just round the corner from the road we drove down last. Good night! Good luck to you!"

And he settled himself for the row home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DARING OF LIONS.

INCIDENTS TO PROVE THAT THE BRUTES ARE NOT COWARDLY.

It has been said many times that lions are cowardly brutes, but of the many lions with which I have had personal dealings, expectedly and unexpectedly, the epithet cowardly is the last I should consider appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by lion, and he certainly did not look cowardly. I have come face to face, at a distance of some twenty feet, with a family party of half a dozen, fortunately full fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stand and look again. There was neither fear nor meanness in their appearance or behavior.

I have seen lions stalking game, and have myself been stalked by them. If I could have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seventy miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and when man-eating lions took possession of the one road which led to this link things became serious.

A large troop was reported, and the natives maintained that this troop ran along in the grass parallel with the caravan road (a path some ten inches wide), and, having selected the most edible member of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came.

Our mail runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the mail party was camping one night, fortunately for it, with a native caravan, the lions became so bold that, in spite of fires, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush.—Mrs. S. L. Hinde in Blackwood's Magazine.

WASHING CLOCK FACES.

SOME TIMEPIECES GROW SOILED MORE QUICKLY THAN OTHERS.

"I've been washing the faces of the city clocks night on to ten years, I guess," said a pleasant Scotch-Irish-American, "and before that I did it in the old country. There aren't many face washers in this land, and the few who know the business do well at it." He looked prosperous in his tweed suit and derby hat.

"Is your work anything like that of the steeple climber?" he was asked.

"Bless you, no," he replied, with twinkling eye, much amused, "only in one thing, and that is that mostly sailors take up with the trade. That's because we're good climbers, you know. I've washed the faces of city and church clocks that were 150 feet from the ground, and it took me two and three weeks to do it. I'm a practical clock repairer, too—have to be, you know—and do my work in a huge wooden cradle made for the purpose. Some clocks get their faces dirty in a year or so; others remain clean ten years, and so on. Old Ben, Westminster's great clock, is expected to keep clean fifteen years."

"In the old days the trade was more dangerous. We used to work from scaffolds and got many dangerous falls. Now we have the cradles and all the fixings and comforts, and if a man keeps his head he can work as well as on the curb. How is the pay? Well, that's hard to figure, for we work by the job. We don't clean clock faces in winter, so we make enough in the summer to last the year round. Of course sometimes the clocks are taken out of their cases and repaired in the shops. Last year I cleared \$2,000 and visited only two other cities, Chicago and Boston. This year I'll make more, because building operations have grinded the clocks and given our trade a lift."—New York Post.

THE WORD DERRICK.

The word derrick for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodoric and who is often mentioned in old plays.

"He rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tyborte the inn at which he will light" occurs in "The Bellman of London," published in 1616. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied, by an easy transition, to the gallows and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

A RIB OF INK.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling the visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

THE NATURAL EFFECT.

Father—from my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—Of course. It was your constant observation that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DOUBLED.

Mabel—Is she as happy as when she lived with her husband. Molly—Twice as happy. He used to allow her only 50 a week, and now he has to pay her \$18 a week alimony.—Kansas City Independent.

"I'm very much obliged to you for all this," he said. "I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, and I hope we shall see each other often."

"Same here!" said the captain heartily. "We're likely to git together once in awhile, seis' as we're next door neighbors, right across the road, as

DREW THEIR OWN WILLS.

ESTATE LEGAL EXPERTS WHO DID SO AND BLENDED.

Many celebrated men have neglected to settle their affairs. Ben Jonson, Dryden and Sir Isaac Newton all died intestate, Bacon insolvent, and the epitaph on Butler's monument in Westminster abbey sufficiently explains why he and many others like him never made a will:

THE MUSSULMAN.

His Devotion Is Intense and He Is Proud of His Religion.

A traveler in Africa writes: "This is a land of religion. The Mussulman's devotion is intense, ever present and all pervading, being not an accessory tacked on, as it were, to his life to be practiced more or less surreptitiously, but an essential part, wherever and whenever he lives at all times. A Mussulman prays openly and publicly, in nowise afraid to be seen. Every man wears his string of beads wherever he goes, and when he lies down he records the number of his daily prayers. Notwithstanding this, to us, uninviting appearance, the religion has made and still is making great strides in Africa, and one can only attribute this to the fact that here at last is a religion of which its adherents are in no way ashamed. It offers to the faithful absolute assurance of salvation and engenders that blind, unfeeling faith therein which is so comforting to the native mind."

"Seeing a crowd of pilgrims bound for Mecca patiently—nay, with pleasure—enduring the worst treatment that one could imagine meted out to hordes of driven slaves, one envies the excesses of faith that can engender such a disposition. Though robbed, slain, starved, herded with pestilence and subjected to countless hardships and annoyances, yet year after year they come from far and near thousands and tens of thousands strong on this the most wonderful and far-reaching of later day pilgrimages."

"At Jeddah one sees pilgrims from all corners of the globe—Dutch subjects from Java, Chinese from Peking, shiploads from India and Farther India, Russian subjects from all parts of the great empire, French subjects from Algiers, from Morocco, and dusky negroes who have tramped for months from the western shores of Africa. Through many lands and midst many tongues they come, all to meet at this thronged center of the maelstrom of the Mussulman faith."

FOREIGN ETIQUETTE.

SOME THINGS HARMLESS HERE WOULD BE BAD FORM ABROAD.

There are some points of foreign etiquette which are absolutely inexplicable to the British mind, and, indeed, it is very doubtful whether the nations to which they are peculiar can themselves offer any explanation. Why, for instance, is it bad form if you visit a Frenchman in his own room to lay your hat on the bed? The fact remains that it is universally considered the worst of manners.

Again, in Germany, if you are walking in the garden with a lady and it occurs to you to pick a flower for her acceptance, be careful to pluck also a leaf or two to make the noscyle complete. Failure to do so is an insult, for which you may possibly be called to account by her nearest male relative.

If you are unexpectedly asked to stay to a meal in an Englishman's house you would not think twice of using his hairbrushes nor be of lending them.

"In the foot races of the ancient Greeks," says a writer, "the shape of the stadium caused a great difference, since it was not circular, but long and narrow, with one or both ends semicircular. Consequently the runners had to take a sharp turn at the end of each lap, while except at the turn they were running a straight course. Evidently this turn needed much practice, for the pictures on the old vases show athletes practicing this one part of the race as a kind of drill, taking each movement separately."

"In early times, when all the runners turned round the same post, the turn gave opportunities for foul play, and there are stories of one competitor tripping another at the post or seizing him by the hair to prevent his winning. But later, in the shorter distances at least, each runner had his own track and post to turn round, and probably the separate courses were roped off in much the same way as they are now in sprint races. For the start elaborate arrangements were made and at Olympia the stone slabs are still to be seen, with the grooves at regular intervals that had to be toed out starting.

"Greek long distance men ran in the most approved style of the present day. But the sprinters apparently employed a considerable amount of arm action and took very long steps, rising well on to the toes. Then there was the race in armor, an event highly prized by several of the Greeks writers as a valuable preparation for war and which is supposed to explain the famous running charge of the Athenians at Marathon."

"In the Pacific waters the turn, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest jumpers they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea."

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MARINE LEAPERS.

THE TURN IS THE MOST GRACEFUL OF THE JUMPERS OF THE SEA.

Many of the inhabitants of the sun are good jumpers and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. Johns river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck, leaning against the pilot house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful silvery fish four feet in length. It came on like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.

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FUNERALS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Established by Franklin in 1792.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. MANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
Home Telephone 104

Saturday, November 25, 1905.

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION,
by His Excellency George H. Ulter,
Governor.

When the congeanted men and women from across the sea first set foot on this rugged New England shore they gave thanks to the Almighty for His guidance and His care during their perilous but apparently successful voyage. From that day to this the American people have repeatedly and continuously acknowledged their dependence upon God and this God of Nations has even in their national institutions expressed their trust in Him. For many years they have annually set aside for the day in which to make public thanksgiving upon them as a nation.

This year there are abundant reasons for so doing. Not only have we as individuals been blessed materially in field and shop, but we have as a nation been permitted to join two warring peoples in the bond of peace and to know that a spark from our torch of freedom has ignited the watch fire in a foreign land. Surely there never was a time in our history when it was easier for a people to acknowledge publicly our allegiance and indebtedness to the Lord God Omnipotent and to reaffirm our trust in Him.

Therefore, in accordance with custom and law, and following the recommendation of the President of the United States, I hereby appoint the day, the 28th of November, a day of public thanksgiving.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at Providence, (L. S.) this 10th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five, and of Independence the one hundred and thirtieth.

GEORGE H. ULTER.

By the Governor: CHARLES P. BENNETT,
Secretary of State.

The Sick Man of Europe, the irreconcilable Turk, is just now defying all the great powers of that continent.

Japan is planning to have a big navy. She proposes to build 22,000 ton battleships. Uncle Sam has not yet got up to 18,000 ton ships.

Within less than a year seven big battleships, four powerful armored cruisers and two protected cruisers will be added to the United States Navy, if the present rate of construction is maintained.

Rhode Island has made a good gain in population since 1900, and Newport is keeping pace with the rest of the State, though there is a well defined feeling that she is entitled to more population than the census figures gives her.

President McCurdy, of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., announces that he will try and pull through on a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. Poor man! He will get now only three times as much as the President of the United States got a few years ago.

According to the census of 1900 the State of Washington ranks first, Connecticut second, District of Columbia third, Utah fourth and Massachusetts fifth in having the least number of illiterates per thousand of the population. We are sorry to say that Rhode Island makes a bad showing, ranking twenty-third in this respect.

The President does not believe in a sea level canal at Panama and will overrule the decision of the engineers, a majority of whom decided in favor of such a canal. It is claimed that it would take sixteen years to build a sea level canal, and the additional cost would be eighty millions of dollars.

Mayor McClellan, of New York, is going to fight against the recount of the ballots cast at the late election. The case will go to the Court of Appeals, and it is doubtful if a decision can be rendered before Jan. 1st. In that case Hearst will apply for an injunction against McClellan being sworn in as mayor. He will, however, hold over till somebody is declared elected in his place. So the chances are good that McClellan will be the mayor next year.

Next Thursday will be the day proclaimed by President and Governor to be set apart as a day of thanksgiving for the manifold blessings that have been showered upon the people of these United States—the day when the people of the country and especially of New England (for Thanksgiving Day originated in New England) are accustomed to meet in their churches or to gather in their homes to observe the holiday by prayer and festivity. And it is fitting that this was an agricultural country and the people rejoiced at the successful harvesting of their crops, it has come to be looked upon, in the cities at least, as the day to look back over the year and see what blessings have been vouchsafed. The people of the United States have much to be thankful for. The stars and stripes fly over lands in many parts of the world, carrying with them enlightenment, justice and prosperity. Never has this nation stood higher in the estimation of the countries of the world than it does today. A devastating war between two powerful sovereigns has been brought to an end through the intercession of our President, not only showing his great feeling for humanity but also disclosing his diplomatic ability and causing him to stand forth with added lustre among the rulers of the earth. Today the country is financially prosperous. Education is advancing, religion is spreading, and, far from the least of our blessings, everywhere the people are evincing a determination that dishonesty and disgraceful practices shall not be rewarded with offices of public trust. The past year has been memorable as one in which dishonorable men have been removed from the high places that they have usurped and to their place have been elevated those of the highest integrity. We can return thanks with a grateful heart.

680,682 Population.

The following is the population of Rhode Island by the census of 1900. Comparison is made also with that of 1890 and 1900:

	1890	1895	1900
Newport County	26,073	26,972	32,564
Jamestown	1,387	848	1,461
Little Compton	1,228	1,112	1,182
Middletown	1,310	1,115	1,241
Newport	20,000	20,000	22,411
Ward 1	3,054	3,538	3,883
Ward 2	3,711	4,498	5,004
Ward 3	4,539	4,900	4,743
Ward 4	4,297	4,023	3,912
Ward 5	6,018	6,404	6,126
New Shoreham	1,278	1,300	1,288
Fortressville	1,140	1,088	1,067
Prudence Island	270,026	281,778	283,003
Hurricane	7,425	5,474	5,167
Central Falls	18,140	16,822	15,167
Ward 1	3,724	2,683	3,157
Ward 2	6,000	4,011	4,076
Ward 3	4,292	3,147	3,120
Ward 4	2,646	2,562	2,615
Cranston	17,570	16,570	14,343
Cumberland	9,470	8,507	8,925
East Providence	13,750	10,170	12,181
Foster	1,180	1,190	1,190
Gloster	1,057	1,088	1,092
Johnston	1,040	1,046	1,045
Lake	9,222	8,559	8,603
North Providence	2,618	2,457	3,016
North Smithfield	2,892	2,822	2,921
Pawtucket	34,961	32,577	39,221
Providence	100,005	105,172	115,000
Scituate	4,000	3,622	3,601
Smithfield	2,207	2,107	2,107
Tiverton	12,196	24,013	13,141
Bristol County	15,048	12,224	13,141
Burrillville	1,923	1,068	1,183
Bristol	7,512	6,730	6,941
Warren	5,016	3,820	5,076
Kent County	10,485	9,910	9,759
Coventry	3,000	2,955	2,770
West Greenwich	3,418	3,086	2,770
Warwick	24,778	24,198	21,806
West Greenwich	474	721	1,006
Washington County	24,742	24,743	24,100
Charlestown	959	851	976
Exeter	788	2,713	2,002
Hopkinton	2,038	1,230	1,628
Kingston	4,049	4,317	4,163
North Kingstown	4,048	4,317	4,163
Richmond	1,421	1,006	1,500
South Kingstown	5,221	5,108	4,972
Westerly	8,851	7,098	7,614
State	450,082	454,768	456,564

By these figures it will be seen that Newport has gained 8,502 over the census of 1890, and 2,598 over the census of 1900. The towns in the State that have lost in population since 1890, are New Shoreham, Foster, Gloucester, Johnston, a part of which was annexed to Providence, North Smithfield, Scituate, Smithfield, West Greenwich, Charlestown, Exeter, Hopkinton, North Kingstown and Richmond. The State as a whole has made a handsome gain. Her population is now given as 480,082, a gain of 95,324 over 1890, and 51,526 over 1900. The largest percentage of gain made by any one town is by Jamestown, which gained 524 in ten years, a gain of 64 per cent.

The New Navy.**Other Side the Child Set.**

The pane from which Russia is now suffering, with so much anguish, are birth pangs. A new nation is to be born. That is undoubtedly the meaning of the news from Russia. How long the pains will continue and just what form the new government will take, it is impossible to predict with safety. Only one thing seems to be absolutely certain, and that is that Russia is bound ultimately to become one of the two strongest nations on the globe. Her one hundred and fifty millions of people will eventually produce perhaps the largest share of the world's wealth. In the meantime, how pitiful are the pains she is undergoing! The outside world can know but only a small part of the real suffering that must exist through the empire. Millions of her people are undoubtedly on the verge of starvation. The whole empire is in a state of tumult. The autocracy, the bureaucracy, the constitutionalists, the revolutionists, the industrialists, the Poles, the Finns and the Jews are all in a state of excitement and antagonism, and strikes, riots, suspensions of industry, bloodshed and paucity prevail.

Only one clear great figure appears out of the gloom and that is the figure of Witte. The fate of constitutional liberty would seem to depend upon him; yet the question is still unanswered, Is he indeed the man of the hour? Has he the moral and intellectual strength necessary to restore order and found a regime of freedom? The United States is in danger in some ways by the labor pains of Russia. Our wheat interests and our oil trade are benefited thereby. On the other hand, the tumult in Russia affects the international money markets and this influences adversely our markets. But the United States is too prosperous to wish for disaster to another nation to increase our prosperity, and we are too strong not to be willing to suffer some inconvenience that Russia may be free.

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25, 1905.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross the continent Nov. 20 to 24, warm wave 19 to 23, cool wave 22 to 26. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 26, cross west of Rockies by close of 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern states Dec. 1. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 26, great central valleys 28, eastern states 30. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 29, 23, great central valleys Dec. 1, eastern states 3.

All weather features of this disturbance will be more than usually radical. The winter storms will be severe, temperatures will go to low degrees, frost and snow will reach unusually far southward, gales will blow with increasing force and altogether it will be a spell of marked winter weather.

This disturbance will enter the Pacific slope with great intensity and for four or five days, about Nov. 27 to December 1, its course eastward across the continent should be watched by all who must come in contact with outdoor elements.

The first week in December will also bring severe and unusual weather extremes. The first disturbance of December will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 2; cross west of Rockies by close of 2, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Dec. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Dec. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9.

The most severe weather of December will come during the days that will cluster around Dec. 10, 13 and 24. Next bulletin will give general forecasts for December weather. About and immediately following Nov. 29 a cold period with winter storms will be crossing the continent and not much good weather may be expected balance of this month.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors and the Order of Telegraphers oppose government control of railroad rates, and the Senate Interstate commerce committee has been notified. The railroad workmen claim that, with those dependent upon them, they represent not only the percentage of completion of the vessels named, but of seven other first-class battleships, six armored, three protected, and three scout cruisers as well.

The contracts for the construction of the Michigan and South Carolina have not yet been let, as the bureau of construction hopes to persuade the next Congress to increase their tonnage to 18,000. When these enormous vessels are added to the fleet Uncle Sam will have a navy to be proud of.

The Wall Street Journal says: Ex-

Judge Parker as counsel for Mayor McClellan says that there was nothing for which his client is more anxious than

an honest count of the recent election for mayor. Judge Parker makes the same statement now that Mayor McClellan himself should have made on the night of the election or certainly the morning after. A clear utterance from him then of the same kind that Judge Parker makes now would have taken the wind completely out of the Hearst's cry of fraud. But it would have taken courage for Mayor McClellan to have made such a declaration the very night of the election. Courage at critical moments is an attribute of greatness.

General George B. McClellan almost,

but not quite, touched real greatness during the war of the Rebellion. His son, Mayor George B. McClellan, has also shown that he stops just short of such qualities. He is only "almost,"

The State Returning Board are still

at work counting the ballots cast Nov. 7th. It will probably take another

to officially know who is elected Governor. Commander-in-chief, and Captain-General of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations for

the year ensuing.

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the year ensuing.

Before the election Mr. Jerome asked of his audience, referring to Murphy: "Where did he get it?" There is no

doubt now where he got it. To use the common street slang: He got it in the

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HUSBAND IS GONE

Woman's Body Found Doubled Up in a Trunk

WAS COVERED WITH LIME

Woman Was Wealthy and Well Past Middle Life and Is Said to Have Been Extremely Jealous of Young Husband

Albany, Nov. 24.—What appears to be a murder committed nearly two weeks ago was discovered here when the badly decomposed body of Mrs. John Hammond was found wedged in a trunk in a room of the house on South Ferry street where she lived with her husband. The trunk stood in the fireplace. The body within was heavily sprinkled with chloride of lime, and the disinfectant was strewn thickly all about the three rooms comprising the flat. The cover of the trunk was propped open with the evident idea of having the odors of decomposition escape up the chimney.

John Hammond, the woman's husband, has not been seen for nearly two weeks. He is 25 years old, and a cabinetmaker. The dead woman was 57.

Whether the woman died a natural death or was strangled or was poisoned remains for an autopsy to disclose. There are no evident marks of violence on the body, which was fully clothed excepting shoes, and was doubled up in a sitting posture, with the face down upon the knees. The body was bound in this position with a clothesline.

Disagreeable odors drew the attention of the first floor family to the Hammond rooms, whence not a sound had been heard for at least 10 days, and last evening the police broke in and discovered the body.

A picture of Hammond was found by the police and his description has been sent broadcast. He is described as five feet 10 inches high, weighing 165 pounds, with coarse features, very thick lips, unusually heavy black hair, rather straight and parted in the middle. When last seen he wore a black moustache.

Within the rooms there was no evidence of a struggle, but many indications that the ordinary life of the couple came to an abrupt end. None of the jewelry which the woman was reputed to own in considerable quantity was found, but all of her clothing and the furniture and bric-a-brac were in their accustomed places.

The woman was well known in Albany for many years, under the name of Mrs. Wilber Cramp, as the owner of a hair dressing establishment. She was married two years ago to Hammond. She was believed by the neighbors to be wealthy and owned the house in the South End where her body was found. She is said to have been extremely jealous of Hammond, and objected even to his going out daily to work, preferring to support him in comparative idleness.

The autopsy on Mrs. Hammond's body, completed at midnight, demonstrated conclusively that the woman was first bodily beaten and then strangled to death.

Neglected Licenses Formalities

Oxford, Me., Nov. 23.—Game Warden Stanley arrested Horace McKeen, William Wallace and Frank M. Ramsell, all of Boston, for evading the Maine game laws. They had been hunting in the towns of Paris and Oxford without non-resident hunting licenses, it is charged. The three sportsmen were fined \$25 and costs each. They had shot only a few partridges.

Jews Ask Aid of Christians

Boston, Nov. 22.—Three Jewish rabbis of this city, representing the Russo-Jewish committee, yesterday sent a letter to the pastors of all the city Christian churches soliciting "the sympathy and co-operation of the Christian churches in behalf of our suffering co-religionists in Russia." In response to a former appeal already nearly \$15,000 has been subscribed.

"Death by Misfortune"

Providence, Nov. 22.—"Death by misfortune" was the report of the coroner's jury in the case of John Rose, the sailor who jumped overboard from the barge Hamilton Fish in the local harbor after an altercation with Captain Lanier. It is understood that the case against the captain will be dropped when it comes up by continuance.

Korea Under Japanese Control

London, Nov. 22.—The Tokio correspondent of The Daily Telegraph says that the details of the negotiations at Seoul show that the Koreans had no alternative but to accept the treaty drawn by Japan. General Hasagawa, now commander of the Japanese troops in Korea, will be the Japanese governor general of Korea.

Had No Competitors

Washington, Nov. 22.—The only bid received by General Crozier, chief of ordnance of the army, for 30 automatic machine guns, calibre .30, was from the Vickers Sons & Maxim, who offered to supply the guns at the rate of \$1500 each. The bid will be accepted.

Throne Offered to Charles

Copenhagen, Nov. 21.—The throne of Norway was formally tendered to Prince Charles of Denmark and was accepted by King Christian in behalf of his grandson.

Cider on the Black List

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 21.—Chief of Police Parkhurst has notified all the grocers in his city that cider is intoxicating and has warned dispensers of flour and potatoes that the old-fashioned grocery of the New England backwoods towns where a keg of cider is an attraction is not for Somerville and that the sale of apple juice is prohibited.

FIRE IN A SCHOOL

Panic Among Five Hundred Small Children

TOP FLOOR HEMMED IN

Many Who Were Caught in What Seemed Sure Death Trap Tossed From Windows Into Life Nets Forty Feet Below

Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 21.—Wan faces of little ones peering pitifully from pain-easing eots into those of anxious parents in many North Lawrence homes give graphic evidence of the most frightful school fire panic that ever took place in this city.

One child is at death's door as a result of the catastrophe, while dozens of others lie painfully bruised.

St. Anne's school, under the jurisdiction of the parish of St. Anne's French Catholic church of this city and controlled by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, consists of three buildings, two large and of brick, and a smaller three-story wooden structure situated in the rear of the first named two. In this latter building seven sisters preside over some 500 little children, ranging in ages from 5 to 12 years. It was in this building, a structure erected over 15 years ago and minus fire escapes, that the fire panic took place.

The little ones, all girls, were in their classrooms on the different floors and at their studies when the fire broke out. One of the pupils of Miss Lord, a lay teacher in a room on the first floor, was the first to discover the fire, as small eddies of smoke curled up through the horizontal flues in the basement. The alarm was given and the engines called.

The sisters remained remarkably cool and directed their scholars in leaving. All filed out in order, leaving coats and hats behind, with the exception of those on the top floor. So quickly did the flames spread and the smoke rush to the top of the building, however, that teachers and children on this floor were caught and escape seemed impossible.

All managed to get out, nevertheless, from the third floor, with the exception of those in Sister Mary's room, into which the whole crowd of scholars of the smoke-laden floor poured.

Here they were caught in what seemed a sure death trap. They began rushing to all the windows and appealing, faces blanched, to those below for help, until the cool teacher, going from window to window, caught the frenzied children one by one and tossed them to the life nets 40 feet below.

On the east side of the building the longest life net in the service of the department was stretched, and into this most of the children were tossed or jumped, but on the other sides of the building only small nets were held, and in some cases nothing but the outstretched arms of the frenzied.

In their descent to these life-saving contrivances many of the little ones either shot through the arms of those who stood ready to catch them or were missed completely by would-be rescuers and landed on the hard ground, three stories below.

It was in this way that Eva Brosseau received frightful injuries from which she may die. She slipped through the arms of a rescuer and landed head first on the ground.

Mrs. Magee and Lavoie were at the scene of the fire panic with the firemen and rendered valuable aid. The injured children were taken into neighboring houses and cared for until they could be sent to their homes or taken to hospitals.

Mrs Barnes Under \$10,000 Bail

Portland, Me., Nov. 23.—Probable cause was found at the hearing on the murder charge against Mrs. Isaac C. Barnes for the alleged poisoning by strichine of her step-daughter, Pearl Barnes. Judge Fessenden held Mrs. Barnes for the April term of the criminal court at Houlton, but gave the prisoner an opportunity of going free until that time by fixing bail at \$10,000, which has not yet been obtained.

Over a Hundred Lives Lost

London, Nov. 21.—One hundred and twenty-eight persons lost their lives in the wreck of the London and Southwestern Railway company's steamer Hilda off the northern coast of France, according to an official estimate given out by the officers of the company. This death toll includes 21 saloon passengers, 80 French onion sellers and 27 of the crew.

Weavers Give Up Strike

Valley Falls, R. I., Nov. 22.—After having been out on strike for 10 days, because the management refused their demands for advance in wages, 65 weavers returned to their work at the Simoset cotton mills without the advance being made.

Westfield's Aspiration

Westfield, Mass., Nov. 22.—At a special town meeting last evening it was decided to petition the state legislature for a city charter. Westfield has a population of 14,000, and the agitation for a city charter has been going on for some time.

An Unusual Occurrence

Boston, Nov. 22.—For the first time in the history of the Massachusetts state prison several inmates were confirmed in the Roman Catholic faith yesterday. The services took place in the prison chapel and Bishop Brady performed the ceremony for the benefit of the 83 men who were confirmed.

Shooting Over Politics

Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 22.—William F. Cronin was arrested last night, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon on William J. Burke. The arrest grew out of a quarrel at a political meeting, when Cronin is alleged to have shot and wounded Burke. The wounded man is now in a hospital.

"JUST TIRED OF LIFE"

Young Maine Couple Loved, Lived and Died Together

Claremont, N. H., Nov. 24.—"Anything that may be found in our pockets, money, etc., please forward to Mrs. Mary J. Leavitt of Lisbon Falls, Me. Myself and wife have loved, lived together and now decide to die together—not insure, but just tired of life. Good-bye to all."

Such was the note found beside the dead bodies of a man and beautiful young woman entwined in each other's arms, both well dressed and showing little of hardship, which were found in the woods, the woman with three bullet wounds in her head, the man with another in his brain. He clutched a revolver, but one shell remained loaded, four had been fired.

Though no one has positively identified them as yet, it is now believed that the couple are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leavitt and they formerly lived in Oakland, Me., where he was employed in the Oakland woolen mills, and where he met his young bride, Miss Alice Ward.

From the appearance of the bodies when found it was apparent that they had been dead for several days. Beneath a big pine tree the man had spread out his overcoat. Then entwined in each other's arms they re-clined on it.

Apparently the man had then taken the revolver, put it to the side of his wife's head and fired the three shots that must have caused instant death. Then he turned the gun on himself, and together they died.

Panic at Moving Picture Show

New Milford, Conn., Nov. 24.—The big celluloid film of a moving picture machine, which was being shown in the town hall here last night, caught fire when the hall was in total darkness and the sudden burst of flame and smoke set the 400 persons in the audience in a panic. A mad rush was made for the door and in the scramble to get out of the building many women and children were trampled on, but none was fatally hurt. The two operators of the machine were burned. It is stated that an electric spark from a crossed wire started the fire.

Alleged Violation of Honor

New Haven, Nov. 24.—At a meeting of the freshman class of the Yale Medical school Horace B. Garussey, president of the class, was requested by a majority vote to resign his office because of alleged speculation in football tickets for the Yale-Harvard game. He was charged with selling nine tickets to speculators. Garussey is said to have made no explanation of the matter, though he declined to resign the class presidency.

Contract Requirements Exceeded

Boston, Nov. 24.—The battleship Virginia completed her official speed tests in a four-hour endurance run down the coast, during which she slightly exceeded her contract speed of 19 knots an hour, by maintaining an average revolution of her propellers of 129.5 minute. Her speed was 19.01 knots an hour. The Virginia, after dropping the trial board off Boston light, kept on to her builders' yard at Newport News, Va.

Convicted of Manslaughter

Colebrook, N. H., Nov. 24.—After a three day's trial Plummer Bacon was convicted last night of manslaughter in the first degree in causing the death of John Sawyer and was sentenced to not less than 15 nor more than 20 years' imprisonment in the state prison. Bacon was charged with the murder, by shooting, of Sawyer in Whitefield.

Illegal Registration Charged

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 24.—Sergeant Gordon of the police department appeared in the office of the registrar of voters last night and protested 300 names of men who, he claims, are illegally and incorrectly registered. Gordon acted under orders from Mayor Daly. It is said that 200 more names are to be protested.

Ratings New England Championship

Manchester, Conn., Nov. 24.—In one of the best wrestling matches ever held in this state, R. J. O'Connell of New Haven successfully defended his lightweight champion of England by defeating Leon Filler of this place, two falls out of three. The men wrestled catch-as-catch-can style, at 138 pounds.

Sea Captain Kills Himself

Boston, Nov. 24.—Captain William Lockhart of the bark J. E. Graham of Windsor, N. S., aged 55, committed suicide by shooting on board the vessel at Mystic wharf. The other officers of the Graham say that Lockhart had been despondent of late. The captain's wife has been with him on the vessel.

Miraculous Escape From Death

Danvers, Mass., Nov. 23.—George Whittier, a carpenter, fell from a staging, received an electric shock of 2000 volts by clutching a live wire, struck a second staging and then landed on the ground uninjured except for slight burns on the hands and insignificant cuts on the head.

Went Through Thin Ice

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 24.—Sigurd Bostrom, 14, and Louis Makiowski, 12, were drowned, having broken through the ice on Hermitage pond. Levi Berglund, 14 years old, in trying to save the Makiowski and Bostrom boys, broke through the ice, but was rescued by two men.

Serious Charge Against a Pauper

New Haven, Nov. 24.—Charged with manslaughter, Daniel C. Moriarity, a blind pauper, was bound over to the superior court under bonds of \$8000 as responsible for the death of John McGill, his room-mate at the Springside almshouse. He waived examination.

Snail Saved From Death Chair

Boston, Nov. 23.—Angela Snell, who was convicted of the murder of Tillie Kirby at Gooseberry Island, off Hornsneck beach, Westport, and sentenced to be executed during the week of Dec. 10, will not die in the electric chair. Governor Douglas has commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and the executive council approved the commutation.

MUST MAKE GOOD

Powers Cannot Afford to Back Down in Turkey

NAVAL DEMONSTRATION

First Act Will Be to Seize Harbors and Custom Houses—Sultan Threatens a Holy War in Retaliation

London, Nov. 24.—The persistent refusal of the Turkish government to accept European control of the revenues of the vilayets of Macedonia, notwithstanding the ultimatum presented by the allied powers, is about to lead to the putting into operation of the threat of a naval demonstration with the view of compelling the acquiescence of Turkey in the European control of the administration of and the proposed reforms in Macedonia.

The obduracy of the sultan apparently is based on the belief that he has the passive support of the Emperor of Germany and upon the jealousies supposed to exist among the powers interested. In diplomatic quarters it had been supposed to the last that the sultan would yield, and even now it is expected that he will do so before the international fleet takes active measures.

It is understood that the sultan appealed vainly to Emperor William, Emperor Nicholas and Emperor Francis Joseph against the projected demonstration. The combined fleet of the powers now assembling at Piraeus consists of six large and four small vessels, commanded by Admiral Von Jedena of the Austrian navy. Great Britain is represented by the armored cruiser Lancaster and the scout ship Senthel, Austria by the armored cruiser St. Georg and the torpedo cruiser Szilgetvar, Italy by the armored cruiser Giuseppe Garibaldi and the torpedo boat destroyer Ostro, and France by a cruiser and a gunboat.

Germany's abstention from participation in the proposed demonstration makes the situation increasingly interesting.

The powers are said to have agreed as the first part of their procedure on the seizure of the harbors and custom houses of the island of Lemnos, the island of Lemnos, in the northern part of the Aegean sea, and the island of Tenedos, on the west coast of Asia Minor.

The fact that the session of the council of ministers at which the proposals of the powers were rejected was a stormy one and that all the ministers except the minister of war favored yielding to the ultimatum leads to the belief that the sultan may eventually yield at the first show of determination on the part of the powers, after satisfying his people that he is yielding to superior force. This is said to be the view of Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs.

In the porte's note rejecting the proposals of the powers for the international control of the finances of Macedonia is a warning that the action of the powers in resorting to a naval demonstration may precipitate an internal uprising by Moslems against the Christian population of Turkey. This may be regarded as a threat, as it is known that no demonstration of Moslems against Christians can occur unless it has the silent acquiescence of the Turkish authorities.

The tone of this reply, like that of the last three Turkish notes, seems designed rather to provoke a conflict than to pave the way for a compromise. The powers cannot recede from the position they have taken up without abandoning their prestige and influence in the Near East. Failure to enforce the scheme of financial control upon Turkey would mean the bankruptcy of the Austro-Russian policy of staving off a settlement of the Macedonian question by reforming the Turkish administration in the three vilayets, and would thus tend to precipitate what seems to be an inevitable conflict between Bulgaria and Turkey.

The sultan yesterday issued an order apprising the decision of the council. Vice Admiral Husni Pacha has started on a special steamer for the Dardanelles, presumably with instructions for the commander of the forts regarding the latter's conduct in the event of the appearance of the International fleet. Similar instructions have been sent to the governors of the Turkish islands in the archipelago.

Shot Was Intended For Wife

Falls Village, Conn., Nov. 21.—Ernest Jackson, a negro, who shot and killed Sylvain Pendleton, was bound over to the superior court without bail on the charge of murder in the first degree. At the inquest it developed that Jackson had intended to kill his wife and that by accident he shot Miss Pendleton in the back.

\$3,000,000 Bequest to Museum

Worce

The Full Meaning of Czar's Surrender.

(By James Creelman).

To understand the imminence of the czar's surrender to his people it is necessary to know that even the new Russian prime minister, who secured the imperial signature to Russia's "Magna Charta," has been a firm defender of autocracy, and as recently as his visit to the United States declared his belief that greater and more desirable reforms could be brought about by an honest and intelligent association than through loose and premature experiments in constitutional and legislative government.

While he came to America this year believing there was no middle class in his country, and that without such a bridge between the corrupt, arrogant aristocracy and the ignorant, scattered and inert peasantry, constitutional government would be a farce.

He went back to find that organized labor, working under the advice of experienced labor leaders from other European countries, notably Germany, had taken the places of the old conception of a middle class.

The most powerful despotism in the world, with more than a million armed men at its command, has crumbled in the presence of a comparatively peaceful strike of the factory and railroad employees, led in many instances by young students.

The unchangeable guarantees of "freedom of conscience," read in the light of Witte's written plea for "equality before the laws of all Russians, without distinction of race or religion"—a document which the czar inscribed "To be taken for guide"—not only removes the cruel and unjust disabilities of the 7,000,000 Russian Jews, but paralyzes the political power of the Holy Orthodox church, that terrible and relentless system which has thus far prevented the education of the Russian masses.

No one who has lived in Russia can doubt that with the disappearance of the exclusive mediæval prerogatives of the Orthodox Church—to proselytize or to seize from which was a grave crime—the mightiest bulwark of oppression falls.

This will clear the way for a genuine free public school system and compulsory education.

The creation of a Russian parliament, with real legislative rather than advisory powers—a body without whose consent no law can be enforced in the empire—gains its supreme value in the fact that virtually universal suffrage has been granted.

To appreciate the difference between this new scheme of representative government, and the advisory Duma provided for in the imperial manifesto of August it is only necessary to recall the fact that under the plan by which the Duma was to be elected St. Petersburg, with 1,500,000 inhabitants, would have only 500 voters, including 127 Jews, and Moscow, with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, would have only 11,000 voters. It was intended that in rural communities the 2,500 peasants should have altogether 2,500 votes as against 1,972 of the landed properties and 1,854 of the municipal councils.

With the extension of the right to vote to the masses of Russia one gets an idea of the proportions of the czar's surrender expressed in "an unchangeable rule that no law shall be enforceable without the approval of the state duma." Up to this time the sole legislative and executive power has been the personal will of the czar. Henceforth he cannot enforce a single decree without the consent of his people.

The guarantee of the right of habeas corpus and of "inviolability of the person" sweeps away at a single stroke the dreaded system of secret arrest, secret trial and secret deportation. It robs the ministers of the interior and his police of their terrors.

With free speech and the right of association and union, political parties may be formed and the future of Russia worked out in the open.

Nothing is said about trial by jury, but the new parliament will have power to provide for that.

Hitherto there has been no cabinet, no ministerial responsibility. The absolute czar dealt with his ministers separately. The particular minister who happened to gain ascendancy over his sovereign's mind became for the time the real ruler. He could interfere with and control any or all departments of the government. Sometimes it was the minister of finance who ruled, sometimes the minister of the interior, and sometimes the minister of war. The ministers plotted against each other. They seldom worked together.

The new cabinet must work in accord with the prime minister, Count Witte, and the people of Russia, through their parliament, will probably be able, as in Great Britain, to compel their sovereign to dismiss his ministers by simply refusing their assent to revenue-raising or equally important laws.

No doubt one of the first steps to be taken by the new parliament will be the abolition of the dvornic system, that military and degrading arrangement under which every household in Russia, rich or poor, must accept the presence of a dvonik, or spy, responsible to the police for a full account of the daily life, the conversations, opinions, and movements of those whom he is set to watch.

Less than a million organized workmen have brought about this greatest political revolution in modern history. And the most extraordinary thing about it is the demonstrated power of an industrial strike practically divorced from violence. The Russian soldiers who fired upon rioters only a few months ago could not be trusted to kill orderly, peaceable strikers.

Bobbie's Wish Gratified.

"I want some more chicken," said Bobbie, at the dinner table.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," said Bobbie's mother.

"I want more!" said Bobbie.

"You can't have more now; but here is a wish bone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun: You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longest end will have their wish come true. Why, Bobbie, you've got it. What was your wish?"

"I wished for some more chicken," said Bobbie, promptly.—*Royal Magazine*.

Millions of Suicides.

A Russian correspondent was talking about Siberia.

"In that strange land," he said, "the strangest thing is the suicidal tendency of the Chukchees. Among the Chukchees, actually, suicide is one of the most common forms of death."

"The Chukchees live in northeastern Siberia. They are small and copper colored. They dress in skins and ride reindeer. Tallow and raw kidney are their chief delicacies. In every Chukchee house hangs a death coat."

"A Chukchee doesn't kill himself by his own hand. He appoints his nearest relative—his wife, son or daughter—to do the deed. And the delegate never rebels, never declines this sad and horrible task."

"Innumerable are the causes of suicide—jealousy, unrequited love, an incurable disease, melancholy, poverty and so on."

"I knew a man who was prosperous and apparently happy. Suddenly a desire for death seized him. 'In three months,' he said, 'I will go home to my fathers.' And he calmly settled his affairs, and at the appointed time bade his wife to knot a cord about his throat and his two sons to pull upon this cord till he should be strangled. He died they told me, joking."

"The death coat, which hangs in every Chukchee house, has a hood. It is used for use in suicide. The hood hides the facial contortions of the dying."

"There are Chukchee families where suicide is hereditary, wherein it is a point of honor for the sons to kill themselves, a natural death being regarded in such families as disgraceful and shameful, a sign of the most unpardonable cowardice."

"The Chukchees, despite their quiet life, are a happy and healthy people, moral, truthful, brave and temperate!"—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

Rhode Island Game Laws.

From 1st November this year to 31 December, sportsmen and other gunners may shoot for their own private use, partridge, quail and woodcock, in the State of Rhode Island, on those lands where the owners of the lands permit them to do so. But these birds cannot be killed for market or sold, penalty \$20 for each bird sold or exposed for sale.

Market-men in Newport had better, therefore, be on their guard.

It seems a peculiarity in the law that one can shoot a bird but not sell it. The law was passed, however, last session, and it was devised to check the wholesale slaughter of these three game-birds by professional shooters and pot-hunters. Such a restrictive measure was deemed advisable to prevent the utter extinction in Rhode Island of these birds.

Rabbits and grey squirrels can be legally killed from 1st November till 31st December. Grey squirrels are very scarce on this island of Aquidneck, and are practically of little use for the table. It is earnestly hoped none of them will be shot in either Middletown or Portsmouth, for they are beautiful and harmless creatures.

The law is peremptory as regards trespass. No one has a right to shoot on the land of another person, if he has not obtained permission to that effect, and persons trespassing on land posted against hunting or shooting can be fined \$20 (twenty dollars)."

Japanese Marriage Laws.

Although Japan has revealed herself as highly enlightened in so many spheres of civilization, she has not yet applied reformatory principles to the institution of marriage.

There is as yet no such thing in Japan as equality between the sexes. The law relating to marriage recognizes no wrong except on the part of the wife, from whom the husband may obtain a divorce by merely asserting that he is tired of her, or upon any of the following grounds:

Dissobedience, adultery, barrenness, jealousy, physical antipathy, talkativeness or theft.

When a girl is about to marry, her mother impresses upon her various rules of conduct to be followed during her wedded life. Some of these are:

"Be always amiable to your mother-in-law and father-in-law."

"Don't talk much."

"Get up early, go to bed late, and never sleep in the afternoon."

"Until you are fifty, never mix in crowds."

"Do not consult fortune tellers."

"Do not wear light clothes."

"Be humble and polite."

"Never allow yourself to be jealous."

"Even if your husband is in the wrong, never get angry."

"Never speak evil of your neighbors."

"Strict obedience to a husband is a wife's noblest virtue!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

An Unhappy Comparison.

The city councilmen of Houston, Tex., are so anxious to have it understood that the Houston girls are beautiful that they have passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any male person to stare at them."

"At the councilmen?"

"No, at the Houston girls."

"That's funny. I've never heard that the Boston girls ever urged the Boston councilmen to do anything of the kind,"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It Makes a Difference.

"I don't see why that idiotic swell set should turn down Nurlich."

"Well, he's a self-made man, you know."

"But they admitted Snodgrass and he's a self-made man, too."

"Ah! yes; but he was made in England,"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Speakermind—I shall need you this evening.

Meek Husband—What for, my dear?

Mrs. Speakermind—I am going to lecture before the Female Enhancement League on "The Burdens of Matrimony."

Meek Husband—Um—er—you wish me to stay home and look after the baby, I suppose.

Mrs. Speakermind—No. I want you to take the baby along and sit on the stage.

"As to the Panama Canal," observed a exchange editor, "I've an opinion!"

"I was," interrupted the literary editor.

"Water you talking about?" queried the poetry editor.

But they told him, in torrid language,

to keep out of this music—it wasn't his cut in. Then the sun went behind a cloud, and the wind moaned drearily.

—*Chicago Tribune*.

CASTORIA.

Seems the Signature

of *Castor*

for Infants and Children.

What's in McClure's.

One feature of the up-to-date magazine is to reflect the moving spirit of the times, and this is the striking thing about the December McClure's. As befits a holiday number, it is filled with good, strong fiction, there is a Jack London story one of his best, and six other short stories; but first in importance are the contributions of William Allen White, Ray Stannard Baker and the Rev. Charles D. Williams. William Allen White who, as a judge of public men has become almost the unusual oracle, cool, incisive, unerring, fixes the place of Folk in national affairs. He tells of his great success in Missouri, measures the man, and finally shows that he is not big enough yet for Presidential timber.

"Railroad Rebates" is Ray Stannard Baker's second paper on the Railroad Question. He explains what rebates are, how they are paid, who pays them and how they affect industry; illustrating the whole process by specific instances, little human stories picked up from railroad men and shippers, the gainers and sufferers by the system.

Jack London's "Love of Life" is a harrowing tale of human endurance, pitting against nature and against each other a starving man and a starving wolf. Blumenrein has illustrated it wonderfully, in color. In contrast to this tale of primitive strength is a delicate, fanciful Irish folk tale full of the whimsy wit of the race, in which Bertram Templeton introduces again Dan O'Gill, and the King of the Fairies. There is the "Courtship of the Boss," the heart-history of a ranger, an amusing and true story; "The Deep-water Debate," a wholesome little tale of the excitement and the love-making of an old home town, and stories by Jean Webster and Adeline Knapp.

Editorially appears a character sketch of Charles Evans Hughes who has been lifting the lid from insurance in New York, and a critical estimate of Christianity in practice, "The Final Test of Christianity," by the Rev. Charles D. Williams.

Mrs. Ward's New Heroine.

It has been said of Mrs. Ward that in every book she portrays at least one woman of unusual personality and charm—while her men are of a less appealing type. In the enlarging circles in London in which the hero of "Fenwick's Career" finds himself in the December Century chapter of the novel, he and readers first meet Madame de Pastourelle, who at once dominates the stage.

"Madame de Pastourelle," as Mrs. Ward describes her, "was of middle height, slenderly built, with pale-brown hair, and delicately white face, of a very perfect oval. She had large, quiet eyes, darker than her hair; features small, yet of a noble outline—strength in refinement. The proud cutting of the nose and mouth gave delight; it was a pride so unconscious, so masked in sweetness, that it challenged without wounding. The short upper lip was sensitive and gay; the eyes ranged in a smiling freedom; the neck and arms were beautiful."

"She listened with a charming kindness, laughing now and then, putting in a humorous comment or two, and never by another word betraying her own position. But, he was more and more conscious of the double self in her—of the cultivated, social self she was bringing into play for his benefit, and of something behind—spirit watchful and still—wrapped in a great melancholy—or perhaps a great rebellion? And by this sense of something concealed or strongly restrained she began to affect his imagination, and so, presently, to absorb his attention. Something exquisite in her movements and looks, also in the quality of her voice and the turn of her phrases, drew from his own crude yet sensitive nature an excited response. He began to envisage what these highly trained women of the upper class, the ruffians of the world, may be for those who understand them—a stimulus, an enigma, an education."

Fighting Shows Nationality.

"By the way they fight I can tell men's nationality," said a policeman. "An Englishman when he is going to fight throws his hat and coat in a blustering way on the ground."

"A Scot pulls his hat down tight on his head and buttons his coat carefully. The canny Scot is not going to endanger any of his property."

"An Irishman appeals to the crowd to hold his coat. The Celtic nature desires sympathy and tries to build it up."

"A German—methodical, precise—folds his coat in a neat bundle and lays his hat on top of it to hold it down."

"An American is so anxious to pitch in and have the thing over that he starts fighting without giving a thought to hat or coat,"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Didn't Want to Lose Her.

A bride and bridegroom from "up state" went into the Savoy hotel a day or two ago and asked for a room. They were assigned to one on the top floor.

"Is that very high up?" asked the bridegroom.

"It's on the top floor, but it's a fine—" the clerk began.

"Gimme something on the first floor up," interrupted the bridegroom, "If they should be a fire or anything I want to git Nellie out. I had a hard 'ough time gittin' that woman to take chances on leavin' her this soon,"—*Kansas City Times*.

Baby Didn't Disturb Him.

"The lady who moved in yesterday deceived me," said the rental agent apologetically. "She said she had no children, but I understand she has a baby. Did it disturb you?"

"No," answered Mr. Flatdweller.

"They tell me it cried some during the night, but the noise was drowned by the howls of Smith's dog and the shrieks of Mrs. Brown's parrot,"—*Detroit News*.

On Him.

Ethyl (to Gladys, who has witnessed a game of football for the first time)—

"Was Reggie on the eleven?"

Gladys—Well, dear, from where I eat it looked as though the eleven were on him!"—*November Lippincott's*.

The Lady—And say you were doing story work sometime ago? Short story, eh?

Rambling Richard—No'n, second story,—*Columbus Dispatch*.

CASTORIA.

Seems the Signature

of *Castor*

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Mr. Dooley on Money.

In O'leary's for Nov. 18, Mr. Dooley, discussing business and political heats, says:

"It's strange people can't see it the way I do. There's Java Cassidy. Ye know him. He's a pollytician or graftor. Th' same thing. His graft is to walk downtown to th' city hall at 8 o'clock 'way mornin' and set on a high stool out'd 'em th' afternoon adds up figures, livin' week twenty dollars up th' taxpayers' money, twenty dollars wrong from you an' me, Blamey, is handed to this boodler. He used to get twenty-five in the clothin' store, but he is a romantic young fellow an' be thought 'twad be a fine thing to be a statesman. Th' difference between a clothin' clerk an' a statesman is th' waterman clerk gets less money an' has th' privilege iv Wurckin' out iv office bags. Well, Cassidy come to wan night with his thumbs stained from his nobly callin'. 'Well,' says I, 'ye grafters are goin' to be buried out,' I says. I suppose so,' says he. 'We'll have a business administration,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I wonder what kind iv a business will it be,' he says. 'Will it be th' insurance business? I tell ye if they ever intruded life insurance methods in our little boodle office there'll be a revolution in this here city. Will it be a railroad administration, with th' office chargin' ye twice as much fr' water as Armour pays? Will it be th' banking business, with th' superintendent talkin' the money out iv th' dbarer ivry night an' puttin' in a few kind wurrud on a slip of paper?'

"What kind iv a business are ye goin' to use to purify our corrupt government? Look here," says he. "I'm gonna' out iv pollyticians," he says. "Me wife can't stand th' strain iv seeing th' newspaper always referrin' to me be a blackamoor in quotation marks. I've got me off' job back, an' I've quit bein' a statesman," he says. "But let me tell ye something. I've been a boodler an' a graftor an' a public seec'h fr' five years, but I used to be a square business man, an' I'm givin' ye th' truth when I say that business ain't got a shade on pollyticians in the matter iv honesty. Th' bankers was strong against Mulcahy. But I know all about th' banks. When I was in th' clothin' business, Münzenblumer used to have th' banks overcifly his checks ivry night. That wud mean two years in th' stirbin' fr' a pollytician, but I don't see no bankers don't the wau-two in th' iron gall'ries at Joliet. I knew a young fellow that wurruled in a bank, an' he tol' me th' presidint sold th' United States statutes to an ol' book dealer to make room fr' a ticket in his office. We may be a tough gang over at th' City Hall, foreign name always looks tough whin it's printed in a reform idiotroy. But, thank th' Lord, no man iv you accused iv bein' life insurance presidint. We ain't bein' an' we won't be people with th' fear iv death into mordgedlin' their furniture to buy booze an' cigar fr' us," he says. "We may take bribes, because we needn't money, but we don't give them because we want more than we need. We're grafters, yes sir, but there's many a dollar pushed over th' counter iv a bank that Mulcahy would fling in th' eye iv th' man that offered it to him."

"Th' pollytician grafts on th' public an' his talmies. It don't seem any worse to him than winna' money on a horse race. He doesn't see th' writhin' iv th' man he takes th' coin fr'm. But these here high financiers grafts on th' public an' their talmies, but principally on their friends. Damp yer partner is th' quickest way to th' money. Mulcahy wud rather die than skin a friend that had sthrung a bet with him. But if Mulcahy was a rail-road boss instead iv a pollytician boss, he wud first wurrak up th' confidence iv his friends in him, then he wud sell him his stock, then he wud tell them th' road was gone to th' dogs an' make them give it back to him for naught, then he wud get out a favorable report an' sell the stock to them again. An' he'd go on doin' this till he'd made enough to be elected presidint iv a good government club. Some iv th' boys down at our office are owners iv stock. What do they first larn that things are goin' wrong with th' comp'ny? After th' presidint an' bord iv directors have sold out. Don't ye get off an' gas at me about business men an' pollyticians. I never knew a pollytician to go wrong until he'd been contaminated with contact with a business man. I've been five years in th' waterman's office, an' in all that time not a postage stamp has been missed. An' we're put down as grafters. What is political graft anyway? It ain't stealin' money out iv a drawer. It ain't robbin' th' taxpayer direct iv th' way th' gas company does. All there's to it is a business man payin' less money to a pollytician than he wud have to pay to th' city if he bought a street or a door direct. Iv coore, there are pretty lamey grab be pollytician."

And Such Is Fame.

Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald, a Chicago teacher, is responsible for the following story. There is a fine statue of Ole Bull in Minneapolis. A party of visiting teachers passed it and stopped to read the inscription. One asked who Ole Bull was.

"I suppose he must have been some Indian connected with the early history of the place," answered one of the party. "Then why does he have a violin?" persisted the inquiring one.

No one could tell.—New York Press.

His Official Title.

Colonel William Verbeck, of St. John's School, at Manlius, N. Y., tells the following story of the closing exercises at a Syracuse school:

A little girl was asked, Who is the head of our government?

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss proudly.

"I understand that the Washington-street subway is getting along well."

"I didn't know they were digging one."

"What a subway?"

"No, a long well."

Two little girls were hastening to school one morning. One was a good little Methodist, while the other was a Unitarian. They realized that they were late, and the good little Methodist said:

"Let's kneel down and pray that we won't be late."

"No," replied the wise little Unitarian; "let's skin along and pray as we go."

Candidate—"I want to kiss the ba- by."

Miss Antoinette—"Ec-Pm the youngest of the family."—New York Sun.

Russia's Harvest of Mortors.

The terrible things which are happening in Russia are what have happened in most countries to revolution from despotism to a better system of government. The reports we receive from day to day of revolt and massacre, of fierce outbreaks of race and creed, of the flaring up of disorder against any order, of the appearance of bands of savagery, thugs and thieves whose aim is to rob and murder in the confusion—all these read like chapters from the history of the French Revolution, with names and references changed from France to Russia. As we have reports of sailors at Cronstadt now, we read of revolts of French men-of-war at Brest in the terrible months when all authority in France was going to pieces. The French Army became mutinous, turned out its officers in some places, while it massacred them in others. There were fierce battles between royal regiments and military mutineers, some resulting one way and some the other.

Most people, when they think of the French Revolution, have their thoughts fixed on the "reign of terror" and on Paris, but there were horrible happenings before the reign of terror began, and there were atrocities in the provinces as shocking as any perpetrated in Paris. The "reign of terror" lasted about thirteen months, or from the end of June, 1793, to the close of July, 1794; when it was ended by the execution of Robespierre and his associates. Before it began, however, the king had been executed and many had followed him to the scaffold. Montaigne before the king was guillotined there had been massacres like that of the 10th of August, 1792, in which five thousand are said to have perished, and the slaughter in the Paris prisons in September, when 1200 were put to death. The "reign of terror" was but the culmination in system of the spirit which governed the French Revolution when its direction was wrested from the hands of men who honestly sought to keep it constitutional reform.

Priests were massacred everywhere. The mob hated them partly because they were priests and partly because they were reminiscent of the ancient order. Protestants and Jews were not molested, which was only natural in a nation in revolt against the ancient order that had leaned on Rome for support. It was not until the fall of Napoleon was followed by the "White Terror" that religious fanaticism became murderous, then Protestant blood was shed throughout southern France by bands of reactionaries. Napoleon had thrown the career of talent open to men of all creeds, and that was enough to identify Protestantism with Bonapartism in the minds of the Bourbon reactionaries.

Whether the horrors of the Russian disorders have anywhere approximated those of the French Revolution before the "reign of terror" began may be doubted. Certainly they have not made as yet any contributions to the lexicon of slaughter, such as "noyade," "guillotine," "fusilade" and "maltralade," each of which signified killing masses, respectively by drowning, by the guillotine, by musketry and by grape shot. Possibly the Russians being less impulsive than the French the atrocities will be checked by the rallying of the forces of order, combined with the rallying of the better instincts of the people. If, however, the madness of the Russians runs the same length as the madness of the French, it is reasonable to suppose that it will have a similar result; people wearied with horrors gladly welcoming the one man strong enough to give and maintain order.

After reading the chapter of horrors that preceded his advent as a governing influence most of us have a feeling of relief when Napoleon appears upon the scene, with his officer's hatred of disorder and belief in discipline. We know there will be battles enough to come, but no more "guillotinades" or "noyades," and that to the murderous mania of the mob will stand the civic tranquility of a people who will obey such orders as they may from time to time receive. The regime that Napoleon established was not freedom, but it was an absolutism tempered by a large intelligence, and, compared with Bourbonism, was enlightened and progressive. A similar figure may appear in Russia, if in excesses the legitimate aim of the Russian revolutionists is frustrated.

Miss Carl and Empress Dowager.

The magazine publication of Miss Katherine Carl's "In the Court of the Empress Dowager," will come to a conclusion in the December Century with intimate chat of the audience-hall at the summer palace, the etiquette of different audiences, the young Emperor, the Empress Dowager's preference for the summer palace, her special apartments, and Miss Carl's working-quarters. The chapters which have appeared in the Century form only a part of the book, just published under title of "With the Empress Dowager," which recounts in full Miss Carl's unique and interesting experiences.

Agony.

"If you please," announced the grimy little person who had just rapped at the door, "another wants to know if you will kindly lend her your preserving kettle."

"Well," said the lady of the house dubiously, "I would do so with pleasure, but the last time I obliged your mother she preserved it so effectively that I haven't seen it since."

A look of extreme hauteur passed over the maiden's countenance.

"Very well," she said. "There's no need to be nasty about it. The old thing was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't have trouble to ask you again, only we send you bringing home a new one."—Tit-Bits.

Credit and Debts for the Trusts.

Armoir is given credit—and justly—for devoting himself to the cause of economy in utilizing every ounce of the carcasses of cattle and hogs; he is excused because he makes no valuable products what the smaller butcher throws away. Blood, hair, hoofs, tail, horns, by his wonderful system, are converted to the public use. But let us be clear in our distinctions. Every dollar he saves by these excellent economies we may him gladly; for such work he is to be admired and rewarded as a public servant, but the success of the trust not founded on public service of this sort, but upon what may truly be called public betrayal. Armoir and his associates, not contented with the fair returns of their genius and industry, employed secret, underhand methods; they entered into illegal combinations to obtain advantages in railroad taxation. They were traitors to the principles of democracy. As a result we have fastened upon us, as a people, this veritable leech of commerce, the railroad rebate.

Indeed, there were fierce battles between loyal regiments and military mutineers, some resulting one way and some the other.

But the people who are unaccustomed to making close distinctions—to whom stealing of any one of the seventeen kinds known to the law is still plain stealing—use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics. "Bribery" in the narrow sense—the ugly crude payment of cash—may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial green bay-tree.

Indeed, there has been the same development in railroad (and in wider business) corruption, as in political corruption.

The railroad Crakers have followed the railroad Tweeds; and we discover that the crude cash rebate is being replaced by scores of cunning devices of discrimination which accomplish the same results even more successfully and secretly than the cash rebate. Such, for example, are the widespread abuses that have grown up around the private-car system, the industrial railroad, the "line" elevator; such is the midnight tariff, the abuse of the carting and switching charge, and innumerable other devices. And these new methods have not even virtue of open-air robbery: They are the work of underhanded cunning, performed in the twilight of legality.—From "Railroad Rebates," by Ray Stannard Baker, in the December McClure's.

Ferns and Ivy.

The next time you are out in the woods gather a big bunch of the glossy ferns that grow so luxuriantly in the country districts. Arrange them in a jardiniere with plenty of cold water; by changing the water every other day, you can keep the ferns fresh and beautiful for a month or more. Gathered just before the autumn frost, they will last well into the winter.

Long sprays of English ivy will keep bright and green if put in a long neck bottle and treated to fresh water occasionally. The sprays may be set on the mantel shelf and the sprays allowed to hang down.

The bits of ivy in pots which may be bought at any nursery are very hardy and look charming growing indoors.

One woman who brought a spray from Keworth abbey in her hot water bottle now has it growing luxuriantly in a pot on her desk, and it is one of the most attractive things in a very charming room.—Washington Times.

How Fast a Badger Works.

During the daytime the badger sleeps deep in his burrow, far out on our Western plains and prairies, and at twilight he starts forth on a night's foraging.

He is a dreaded enemy of the prairie dog and the ground squirrel; and when he begins to excavate for one, nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his forefeet he loosens up the dirt. Dig! Dig! Dig! His works as though his life depended on it, now scratching out the sides of the hole, then turning on his back to work overhead.

At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forward parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would be somewhat difficult for a man to overtake him with a spade.—St. Nicholas.

Nature's First Law.

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"But," said the judge, "you provoked the fight."

"No, I didn't," replied the prisoner. "But you struck the first blow. Why did you do that?"

"Because he led to me. If I'm wad, ye're another, and so I soaked him,"—Philadelphia Press.

"Has your son returned to the university?"

"Well, that's what puzzles me," replied Farmer Halecke. "I gave him a wad o' money and started him a month ago, but he writes a letter and says he is half-back. I'm kinda uneasy about him."—Lincoln Star.

Jasper—What do you suppose your father will say when I speak to him?

Beryl—(out of his mouth)—He won't say anything. He'll be speechless with joy.—Chicago Tribune.

Judge—Were you present when the trouble started between the man and his wife? Witness—Yes. I was at their weddin', ef dat's what yo' means, sah.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Can you lay this carpet so the children won't tear it out?"

"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"—Harper's Bazaar.

Ethel—"Did you cry for help when Begbie first attempted to kill you?"

Maud—"Why no dear, I knew he could manage it."

"Do you believe in original sin?"

"No. There's no such thing. They've all been used hundreds of times."—Cleveland Leader.

"Money is a vulgar thing."

"Not thousand-dollar bills. They move in very select society."

What a Rebate Is.

A good deal of the present confusion arises from a quibbling (or legal) use of terms. The difficulty lies in our various applications of the words "rebate" and "discrimination" as we position is low in the use of the word "bribery." What is a rebate? Briefly speaking, a rebate is a sum of money secretly paid back by a railroad company to a favored shipper as a refund upon his freight-rate. And in the narrow sense, rebating is undoubtedly much less common than formerly.

But the people who are unaccustomed to making close distinctions—to whom stealing of any one of the seventeen kinds known to the law is still plain stealing—use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics. "Bribery" in the narrow sense—the ugly crude payment of cash—may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial green bay-tree.

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Ted's Beginning.

The new assistant rector was trying to

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly given. 2. Name and date of publication of the question must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

They had Hannah, b. in Deal 16; 3; 1762, and md. Mr. Wright and lived in Cudmore, N. J., where he died; also had Elizabeth, b. in Deal 1mo, 12; 1758, and d. 27; 2; 1758; Hannah (4) Tucker b. 1; 9mo. 1781, and d. 12; 25; 1757, and md. Joseph Wardell, b. 3; 26; 1724; their children being: Daniel Wardell, b. 23; 8; 1754, and d. 28; 1757, and James Wardell, b. 10; 7mo.; 1766, then Hannah died, and her husband, Joseph Wardell, married second a lady whose name is not known, and they had born 23; 9; 1768, John Nicholson Wardell (perhaps named for his mother's father); and Charles Wardell, b. 2; 11mo.; 1770, and Joseph Wardell b. 7; 8mo.; 1776, and Hannah Wardell b. 27; 4; 1778 as found on Friends' Records.

Samuel (4) Tucker b. 8; 8; 1785, at Deal, N. J., md. 22; 1; 1781, Elizabeth White, dau. Brittan and Dina White of Shrewsbury, N. J., he a farmer and lived in the family mansion at Deal, bequeathed to him by his father, with all his lands; here he died 2; 9mo.; 1819, and his wife died there 3; 1 mo.; 1819, aged 76. Children of Samuel and Elizabeth (White) Tucker were: James (5) Tucker b. 16; 11; 1811, went to Nova Scotia in 1782, and in 1785 married Elizabeth (Maybee, dau. Jacob of Shelburn, N. S.) came back to Long Branch, N. J., in 1789; next moved to Pittsburg, had ch. Elizabeth, Jacob, Mary and James Tucker.

Brittan (6) Tucker, b. 8; 10mo.; 1788, at Deal, N. J., where he married Oct. 16, 1784, Hannah Boyer, their children in N. Y. Gen. Record of July 1904.

John (5) Tucker b. 18; 8; 1785; md. in 1788 Ann Talman of Eatontown, N. J., daughter of Samuel and Rachel Tallman, in 1797 they moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and in 1805 moved to Newark, N. J., where he owned 250 acres of land, and there he died in 1821, and had 10 children.

Elizabeth (6) Tucker, b. 22; 3; 1787, and md. 16; 9; 1784, at Friends' Meeting House, Jacob Woolley, son of Benjamin and Catherine (Husbands) Woolley, aforesaid Jacob was b. 20; 2; 1780, and d. 7; 10; 1828, she dying in 1854, and had 8 children.

Hannah (6) Tucker, b. Dec. 30; 1789; d. v.

Samuel (6) Tucker, b. Apr. 21, 1771; d. v.

Phoebe (6) Tucker, b. Mch. 13; 1773, and d. Apr. 12, 1776.

Deborah (6) Tucker, b. Jan. 25, 1775; d. v.

Samuel (5) Tucker, b. at Deal, N. J., Jan. 2, 1776, and md. there Mch. 21, 1807, Sarah, daughter of James and Rosanna Brockmorton, she b. May 1, 1780.

Hannah (6) Tucker, b. May 6; 1774; d. unkn. Aug. 31, 1861.

Ebenezer Allen (6) Tucker, b. 5; 5; 1783; md. in New York, in 1805 Nancy Mount, dau. James of Red Bank, N. J. The other children of John and Ruth (Woolley) Tucker were:

III. John (3) Tucker, born in New London, Ct., Oct. 25, 1698, and d. June 14, 1730.

IV. Joseph (3) Tucker, b. in Dartmouth, Mass., Nov. 7, 1698, and d. there May 21, 1780; md. Dec. 22, 1720, Mary (Howland, dau. of Nicholas Howland and Hannah Woodman, b. June 27, 1679, dau. of Lieut. John Woodman and Henry (Timberlake, dau. of Henry and Martha whom he married Jan. 8, 1651, of Newport, R. I.; they having a son-in-law John Coggeshall). Lieut. John Woodman was Treasurer of the Colony and Overseer of the Town Poor; was of Newport and Little Compton R. I. Had eight children, namely:

Robert Woodman, b. Sept. 8, 1677; md. Deborah (Paddock, dau. John and Ann (Jones) Paddock); Robert made his will Dec. 23, 1734; mentions sons John, Thomas, and daughter Hannah Sanford and daughter Priscilla Woodman, making youngest son Constant Woodman executor.

Hannah Woodman, b. June 27, 1679; md. Oct. 26, 1697, Nicholas Howland, and had Abigail Howland, b. Nov. 3, 1698, and Mary Howland, abovesaid, b. Sept. 17, 1700; md. Dec. 22, 1720, Joseph Tucker.

John Woodman, b. Feb. 25, 1692; md. Elizabeth Briggs, daughter of William and Elizabeth Cooke (of John and Mary (Borden) Cooke, Thomas (1) Cooke) Briggs, (John (1) Briggs); John and Elizabeth were married Oct. 21, 1708, had children, Sylvester, b. Jan. 22, 1709; Mary, b. Sept. 3, 1710; Sarah, b. April 2, 1712; Elizabeth, b. Sept. 10, 1718; Ebenezer, b. Jan. 28, 1715; Edith, b. Dec. 20, 1719; William, b. May 27, 1721; Patience; Deborah, b. Oct. 21, 1726.

Edith Woodman, b. Sept. 7, 1688; md. Thomas Church, son of Benjamin and Alice (Southworth) Constant and Elizabeth (Collier) Southworth Church, Edith was his second wife, as his first wife was Sarah (Hayman) dau. of Nathaniel and Elizabeth (Allen) Hayman, marrying Edith Apr. 18, 1712. She died after May 1718, birth date of her last child, and Thomas married (3) in 1719.

Edward Woodman, b. Mch. 17, 1688; md. Oct. 1708, Margaret (Taylor) dau. of John and Abigail Taylor, Margaret b. July 1688. They had John Woodman, b. Jan. 25, 1711, and Abigail Woodman, b. Aug. 23, 1714.

Rebecca Woodman, b. Jan. 10, 1690; unmarried in 1718.

Elizabeth Woodman, b. May 81, 1694; married after 1718, Joshua Easton (perh. son of John Easton and Dorcas (Perry) Easton, and Edward and Mary (Freeman) Perry, son of Peter Easton and Ann (Coggeshall), son of Nicholas Easton), and his first wife, her name unknown.

Sylvia Woodman, b. Sept. 17, 1696. (See Austin).

"Howland Descendants," by F. Howland, gives Mary Howland as daughter of Nicholas (8), Zoeth (2), Henry (1)

Howland, Mary was born 21; 7; 1780, and when she md. Joseph Tucker he was of Dartmouth, Mass.

Nicholas (8) Howland made his will 9; 8mo.; 1721, he then owning Gooseberry Neck at mouth of Buzzard Bay; his inventory showed \$427 pounds besides house, bark mill, tan vats, worth 1550 pounds.

Children of Joseph Tucker and Mary Howland were:

- (a) Ruth (4) Tucker, b. 2; 12; 1721, d. 24; 4; 1816.
- (b) Hannah (4) Tucker, b. 2; 9mo. 1723; d. 25; 7; 1799.
- (c) Elizabeth (4) Tucker, b. 25; 10; 1725; d. 12; 5; 1790.
- (d) Mary (4) Tucker, b. 27; 1; 1727; d. 28; 8; 1799.
- (e) Abigail (4) Tucker, b. 25; 2; 1729.

(To be continued.)

GIBBS, SISON. CEMETERY RECORDS

The Gibbs Cemetery on the Stepheno Perry Weaver Farm, Gipeon Lane, Portsmouth, R. I.

GIBBS—In memory of Robert Gibbs, who died Jan. 1840, aged 22 years.

In memory of Rachel Gibbs, wife of Jonathan, who died June, 1881, in the 77th year of her age.

In memory of Jonathan Gibbs, who died January, 1826, ag. 77 years.

In memory of Elizabeth Gibbs, wife of Enos Gibbs, who died Nov. 1820 in the 42 year of her age.

In memory of Enos Gibbs, who died May 26, 1887, age 101 years 2 months, 17 days.

William S., son of Enos and Sarah Gibbs, born April 17, 1825, died Sept. 20, 1900.

Avaline A., wife of William Gibbs and daughter of John S. and Susan A. Brownell, died May (2) 24, 1872, aged 36 years.

The Sison Cemetery on the Edward Sison homestead farm, Gipeon Lane, Portsmouth, R. I.

SISON—In memory of Mary, wife of Pardon Sison, b. Feb. 20, 1777, died July 7, 1884.

In memory of Pardon Sison, born April 23, 1775, died Nov. 28, 1886.

In memory of Phoebe, daughter of Pardon and Mary Sison, born Dec. 15, 1802, died Aug. 30, 1878.

In memory of William B. Sison, son of Pardon and Mary Sison, born Dec. 18, 1851, aged 32 years.

In memory of Celia M., daughter of Pardon and Mary Sison, born Sept. 9, 1807, died Feb. 8, 1862.

CARR—In memory of Jane Matilda, daughter of William and Martha C. Carr, b. Nov. 8, 1844, died Oct. 30, 1861.

Murphy C., wife of William Carr, born July 7, 1800, died Sept. 6, 1896.

In memory of William Carr, b. Sept. 8, 1807, died July 6, 1885.

Sison, Edward Sison, b. June 20, 1811, died June 23, 1892?—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

5410. **RAMSAY. OVERALL**—An ancestor on my paternal side was William Ramsay, Sr., who moved from N. Car. about 1780 to Tenn. His son, William Ramsay, Jr., married 1805, Mary Overall, daughter of Nathaniel (John) William of Stafford Co., Vir. John went to Frederick Co., Vir., about 1784 and married there Sarah Jane Foman. Their children were John, William, Nathaniel and Robert. The last three went to Tenn., 1779 or 1780. William and Robert were killed by Indians. Nathaniel died 1825. He was in "Battle of the Bluff" and "Bugabau's Fort," where Annie Thomas, who became his wife, moulded bullets for their fathers and brothers while they fought. Mary Overall, daughter of Nathaniel and Annie (Thomas) Overall, married William Ramsay, Jr. Information of any of these ancestors will be much appreciated.—M. M. G.

5411. **CUDWORTH. BALDWIN**—David Cudworth, 3d, married Susanish Sibley Baldwin. He was born in Freeport, Vt.; died in Shoreham, Vt. Informed wanted concerning Susanish S. Baldwin. David Cudworth, 2d, was born in Freeport, Mass. Served in Revolutionary War at age of sixteen; married Abigail Joslin. Information concerning ancestry of Abigail Joslin wanted. Was she the daughter of a patriot?—M. C. D.

5412. **THOMPSON. PHELPS**—Want the ancestry of Martha Thompson, who married David Phelps of Westfield, Mass., 1790. It is possible she was daughter of Deacon Samuel Thompson of Goshen.—J. C. W.

5412A. **MAYNARD. MOULTON**—Also the ancestry of Rebecca Maynard, who married Aurora Moulton of Floyd, N. Y., 1814. She died 1824. Revolutionary service desired.—J. C. W.

5413. **PERKIN**—Mary Perkin, dau. of John Perkin Jr., was born at Rehoboth, Mass., Apr. 16, 1873. Can any one tell me the name of her mother? Would also like the dates of her marriage and death. Also ancestry of John Perkin.—M. R.

5414. **PAIN**—Would like information concerning the ancestry of Rebecca Pain, who married Peter Hunt, Jr., at Rehoboth, Dec. 24, 1878.—M. R.

5415. **ANGIER**—Who was the wife of Samuel Angier, of Rehoboth, Mass., whose daughter Hannah was born Aug. 10, 1882?—M. R.

5416. **ORMSBY**—Would like the ancestry of Jacob Ormsby, born Mar. 18, 1882.—M. R.

5417. **MUMFORD**—Would like the parentage and dates of birth and death of Tabitha Mumford, who married Capt. James Moffat, at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., Sept. 19, 1776.—S. H.

5418. **MAWDSEY**—Who were the parents of John Mawdsley, who married Sarah Clarke, daughter of Weston, April 20, 1746?—N. R.

5419. **WIGHT**—Who were the parents of Benjamin Wight, married Sept. 14, 1766, to Ann Bardin, of Newport, R. I.? Can any one give me a list of their children?—N. R.

5420. **BARDEN**—Who was Jonathan Barden, baptized at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., May 15, 1729?—N. R.

5421. **SHEARMAN**—Who were the ancestors of Benjamin Shearman, b. Dec. 20, 1786?

Also of Henrietta Newton Shearman, b. May 16, 1789?

Of Patience Shearman, b. May 19, 1791?

Were the above of the same family?—M. M. S.

MEADWORTH.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carr, who attended the National Grange at Atlantic City last week, returned home Wednesday morning. Their trip also included Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Walter Brown, formerly of Connecticut has taken up his residence here, purchasing Mr. Daniel A. Carter's mill route. He is a brother of Mr. William Brown, who is in charge of the Bull Farm.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained Thursday afternoon by Miss Louise Hart at the home of her uncle, Mr. Charles A. Peckham.

The subject "An afternoon with Jerome K. Jerome" was presented at the Paradise Reading Club Wednesday by Mrs. Howard R. Peckham at the home of Mrs. George E. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan Stone who have been spending the past two months with Mrs. Joseph Albro on Peckham Avenue, left for Newport Saturday last. They have rented the Swan estate on Gibbs avenue and expect to reside there during the winter. Their son, the Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, who is slowly regaining his health, is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherman are visiting Mrs. Sherman's mother in Providence.

The Paradise Athletic Club basketball team, David Brown, captain, expect to play the St. George's at the school gymnasium Saturday night.

Mr. Charles Sherman and his brother Chester Sherman, formerly of New York, entertained a party of fifteen Wednesday evening, music being furnished by the piano, pianola, and graphophone. Refreshments were served.

In the sudden death of Mr. Charles Potter of Tiverton at the National Grange, Atlantic City, N. J., last week, Pomona Grange loses one of its most staunch and interested supporters. He and his wife were regular attendants, not only at Pomona Grange but at their own local grange, the State granges and the National.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Nathaniel R. Swilburne his dwelling house on Ann street to Michael Sullivan.

William H. Carry and others have sold to Catherine, wife of Thomas O'Brien of New York, the estate bounded west, 23 feet, on Spring street; north, 55 feet, and east, 26 feet, on land of Frank Watts, and south, 54 feet, on land of J. R. Hammett.

John M. Friend and Thomas Maguire have sold to Ellen M. Friend the estate bounded east, 80 feet, on Second street; south, 100 feet, on land of Agnes L. Rice; west, 30 feet, on land of Howard Smith and others, and north, 100 feet, on land of James E. Branan.

William E. Brightman has rented for Mrs. Sarah DeBiols her cottage on the south side of Underwood court to Henry Brown.

The steamer New Shoreham which is this winter running for the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company between Newport and Providence, was delayed two hours in leaving Newport Thursday morning on account of an exceptionally low tide which held her fast at her dock. When the tide rose sufficiently the steamer came out of the mud and proceeded on her way.

A small fire in the machine room of the battleship Rhode Island gave the eight employees of the Fore River ship yard in Quincy a fright for a few minutes Thursday night. A few streams from the yard hose put the fire out. There was not much in the room to burn except the leather belts on lathe, which were destroyed. It is thought the fire caught from a workman's candle.

Mr. James R. Palmer is at the Newport Hospital for treatment for his leg, which has caused him much suffering for many years past.

Mr. Smith Bosworth celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birth on Tuesday. He is enjoying remarkable health for his years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hannah Gertrude O'Connell and George E. Dodge, son of John and Ann (Jones) Paddock; Robert made his will Dec. 23, 1734; mentions sons John, Thomas, and daughter Hannah Sanford and daughter Priscilla Woodman, making youngest son Constant Woodman executor.

Robert Woodman, b. Sept. 8, 1677; md. Deborah (Paddock, dau. John and Ann (Jones) Paddock); Robert made his will Dec. 23, 1734; mentions sons John, Thomas, and daughter Hannah Sanford and daughter Priscilla Woodman, making youngest son Constant Woodman executor.

Hannah Woodman, b. June 27, 1679; md. Oct. 26, 1697, Nicholas Howland, and had Abigail Howland, b. Nov. 3, 1698, and Mary Howland, abovesaid, b. Sept. 17, 1700; md. Dec. 22, 1720, Joseph Tucker.